

Unseemly SPITE Against a Friend

is UNENGLISH

SATURDAY
REVIEW

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Why not Sanctions for Japan ???



THE Chinese Government have made a strong protest to Japan against the participation of Japanese military in the North China autonomy movement and against the seizure by Japanese troops of the railway stations of Fengtai and Changyimen.

—*Daily Paper.*

NOW, Mr. Eden (Litvinoff's mouthpiece) as meddling with the affairs of other Nations—is *the one thing you do well*—here is your chance—Get Busy—Why not “Sanctions” and a spot of War for Japan? But if you do not dare to do this to Japan then—YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO FORCE SANCTIONS ON ITALY!

Reprinted from the "Daily Mail."

Keep Out of Trouble

THE meetings of the Cabinet this week are charged with graver responsibilities than any since that of August 2, 1914. On them may well depend issues of war and peace in Europe.

The Government has to decide whether it will support the ban on oil exports to Italy which Geneva is now stridently demanding. Before it does so **it must consider the facts.**

The first of those facts is that during the past four years, while all the great countries of Europe and most of the small ones as well have been sedulously rearming, our politicians of all parties have been **working overtime to disarm Great Britain.**

In the famous White Paper which was published last spring the Government stated that "there has been a steady decline in the strength of our armaments by sea and land; in the air we virtually disarmed ourselves in 1919."

In plain English, our defences have been weakened to a point where "we are not possessed of the necessary means of defending ourselves against an aggressor."

As Great Britain has been reduced to this state of weakness, **it is the imperative duty of the politicians to keep her out of trouble.** They must have the policy of their armaments and not go looking for quarrels. Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain have both said that the application of drastic sanctions means war, as is shown by the quotations from their speeches which we are printing day after day.

The application to Italy of a ban on oil is a drastic sanction which is admirably calculated to precipitate war. For that reason opinion in France, outside the ranks of the Socialists and Communists, is passionately hostile to the idea.

In this country no one, apart from a handful of Jingo pacifists, wants a war which would decisively test the power of aeroplanes to destroy warships.

Air Power v. Sea Power

All the younger minds of the aviation world are completely and unwaveringly confident that aeroplanes can sink any type of warship in the narrow seas. A majority of the elderly admirals assert that aircraft cannot do anything of the kind. This is a pretty problem, but **the British nation has no wish whatever to see it "tried out" by a terrible experiment on the British Navy.**

Italy has an air fleet which is computed by neutrals to have five times the strength of the British Air Force in the Mediterranean. In view of the definite claims made for aircraft in contributions to our columns by the outstanding military thinkers of the world — including General Neissel's article to-day—the Italian Air Force could render Malta untenable and the position in Egypt and Palestine most precarious.

No one in Great Britain cares two pins about either the Italians or the Abyssinians in their present quarrel. The people of this country do not see why they should be dragged into this conflict, recognising, as they do, that the Abyssinians must be quite able to take care of themselves, if 10 per cent. of the claims made by them in their communiqués are true.

Let Italy and Abyssinia settle their quarrels themselves. For us the policy should be that which the United States has so wisely and so resolutely chosen—to keep out, and have nothing to do with any programme which would make the League an instrument for stirring up war.

General Smuts, who, with President Wilson, was the begetter and creator of the League, has said with absolute truth that if an attempt is made to transform the League into a military machine or "a system to carry on war for the purpose of preventing war, its fate is sealed."

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Sowing the Wind

"Christmas is coming" cried a sanctionist sheet while performing pyrrhic dances and shrieking for cut-throat action against Italy. The contrast has become the symbol of a crisis which the next few weeks will either relieve or darken. We are near the plain alternative. Either the risk of wider war will soon become imminent, or "peace with honour" in the straight sense of that word must be conceded to Italy. For otherwise the British Government with open eyes must work in earnest for the temporary collapse of that nation as a Great Power and for the destruction of the Fascist régime. The latter results have never been the intention of the Cabinet. They would necessarily be the effects of short-sighted success in the further policy which they are urged by zealots to pursue.

Many of our blind extremists do, in fact, desire to force the surrender of Fascist Italy and its downfall in Europe as in Abyssinia. They think that this will be brought about by turning the oil-embargo into what they call a strangle-hold. This in another form is the war-idea of blockade striking at the whole life and soul of a people. It is a question of Greater Italy and of its fate for ever. Our deadly fanatics challenge one of the most famous of civilised peoples—jeopardised by nothing but its lack of material wealth—to choose between sure ruin with shame and a heroic resistance which would stagger the world, and might offer some chance of saving honour and more.

* * *

Monsieur Laval continues his tenacious fight to limit the war, to uphold general peace, and to save the League from itself. Last week his political difficulties at home enabled him to secure a useful postponement of the meeting at Geneva for the organisation of oil sanctions. That ominous meeting is now fixed to take place on Thursday next week, December 12.

The British Cabinet meets to-morrow. Despite the General Election, Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues are exhorted by all our Gothamites to put both hands to the Screw which to them has become the religious emblem of a cult. If they vary their pious language they urge the Strangle-hold on the Italian people; for time presses and notoriously "Christmas is coming." All words that smack of pressure and coercion are rolled on the tongue with gusto and luxury by our righteous apostles of jingo pacifism. In the Ministerial Press those oracles who have hitherto been the most faithful spokesmen of the majority of the Cabinet predict that the British Government will resolve on what is called the oil-ban. Its word is decisive at Geneva.

Supremacy of Non-members

Look at the wide background of world-affairs and consider the results of the Sanctionist mania so far. Already that policy has changed the balance of the world to the deep and lasting detriment of the League in general and of the British Empire in particular. Every single stone in the former fabrics of European security and of world-security has been loosened. Are we organising, in fact, the ascendancy of the League, as some vain enthusiasts imagine? Not at all. The imperfect League has no hope in its own strength. Its prospects in the present business depend absolutely on the collateral action one way or another of a great non-member, the United States.

* * *

Those wider movements of world events which all anti-Italian policy stimulates cannot be controlled even by a benevolent non-member like America. On the present lines the major advantages are bound to fall more and more into the hands of other powerful non-members. British policy for the last six months has been organising in its own despite not the increased relative strength of the League and Covenant, but the supremacy of Japan in Asia and of Germany in Europe.

On every abstract principle of virtue and obligation proclaimed by the Sanctionists we should be at war with Japan. What is happening in the Far East? Something about a thousand times more significant and sinister than what is taking place in the "Ethiopian empire."

"The Chinese Exhibition"

No less than Manchuria, the adjacent regions of Inner Mongolia and China proper are being brought under the suzerainty of Tokyo. Those regions contain near 100,000,000 of people and vast resources. Neither Geneva nor Washington, nor both together, can do anything to prevent it. They can only promote it if Europe itself is to be still more deeply split and imperilled. This is the real "Chinese Exhibition" in world-affairs. The sublime irony is that China is a member of the League appealing in vain under the Covenant to every sacred principle of mutual obligation that is invoked against Italy. According to the practical interpretation of the Covenant, there is one law for the stronger and another for the weaker. The stronger may steal a horse with impunity, while the weaker may not look over a hedge.

* * *

Similarly the present British policy if pursued on the same lines would make the Nazi Reich—perhaps has already made it—more completely the arbiter of Europe, and of more than Europe, than Imperial Germany at the height of its strength ever was before 1914. Beyond question the armed organisation of that Power is already mightier than our good public is allowed to believe; and every single day advances the rise of that augmented preponderance.

* * *

Without Italy no means on earth can preserve the effective independence of Austria; nor save Czechoslovakia as it at present exists; nor hinder therefore other wide changes in the Danubian basin and beyond; nor prevent the creation of a German supremacy in Central and Eastern Europe fully comparable with Japanese supremacy in Further Asia. As in a glass darkly these shapes of things to come may already be discerned. Many more instances might be given, but we must content ourselves with one other. The Egyptian situation is no less disturbed and it will react on the Italian situation. Let there be no mistake about that. The Wafd already talk of appealing to the League against Britain on behalf of Egyptian independence.

Honour or Shame?

The disturbances and portents we have described are the results of the policy of Sanctions so far. We shall find that we are only at the beginning of trouble and calamity if the oil-ban is employed from next week forwards to confront Italy with the last alternative—desperation or ruin with shame. That problem is infinitely more real and momentous than the ordinary British citizen begins to conceive.

We have dealt here with the background of world events. A week hence, when some of the possibilities good and bad alike have become clearer, we must devote a fuller examination to the Italian question by itself. Meanwhile, a few vital indications may be mentioned. Italy is more united and inspired than ever before in her modern annals. High and low are proving themselves capable of the sternest sacrifices and of the most touching offerings in the cause of resistance to the economic siege. This ordeal more than anything before it is remaking and hardening the character of a people.



If terms undoubtedly conceding "Peace with Honour" are not offered—and if at the same time Sanctions are tightened to a throttlehold—Italy will leave the League as Germany left it. She will do this amidst overwhelming demonstrations of national release and defiance from end to end of the land.

* * *

The hearts of her people are utterly bound up with the hearts of the armies of her sons overseas—bound up to live or die. It would be the same with ourselves or with any other great nation in the world in like case. Every other consideration now gives place to this. We have warned British Ministers again and again of what they now see. In Central Europe Greater Italy is no longer the unconditional opponent of the creation of a Greater Germany. No longer. Austria and other questions connected with the Brenner Pass are subordinated to the Abyssinian crisis. In the "Ethiopian Empire" and Libya Italy has over 300,000 men and another 1,000,000 ready at home. Never in history has a Great Power in these circumstances consented to capitulation without a blow. Never. And it will not be now. It is the supreme duty of the British Government while there is time to enlarge their conceptions of a practical peace whether the Negus likes it or not.

J. L. GARVIN in *The Observer*.

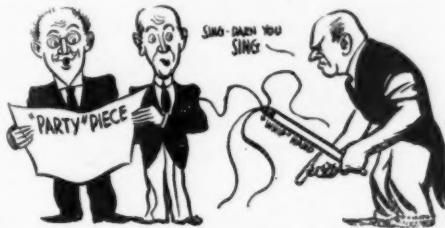
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Essays or Debates

In accepting re-election, the Speaker deprecated the tendency to let discussion lapse into the delivery of set speeches, instead of threshing out the subject by intensive argument carried from one member to another. Recitation of mere essays is an evasion of the true function of Parliament, upon whose anvil policy should be shaped by the hard blows of conviction from every angle. There is room for the speech of exposition and for the oration of moral atmosphere; but what the House is there for more than for anything else is to expose the true issues of a measure in all their bearings, to

eliminate the errors of bias and sentiment, to ensure that sophistry shall be promptly shamed and that, when fallacies raise their heads, they shall be further elevated to the gibbet.

It is only by what the Speaker termed "the cut and thrust of debate" that this wholesome process can be effected. By merely delivering themselves of rival Credos politicians do not advance the common ascertainment of truth and wisdom. Thought does not begin with the entertainment of an idea, but with the measurement of two ideas one against the other. It was the close Socratic disputation that gave the human mind that scaffolding of logic and definition upon which all organised knowledge rests. It is to the unsparing controversy of the Law Courts that we owe the solidity of our justice. The impulse of rivalry, sublimated to the



intellectual plane, becomes one of the most powerful engines in the service of clear vision and right judgment. "Iron sharpeneth iron: so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

** *The Observer.*

The Paris Talks

The British Government allows, and encourages, the expectation that on December 12 it will vigorously support the proposed oil embargo, if collectively and universally applied. Concurrently, it emphasises the equal importance of the attempt at an agreed settlement of the dispute. Mr. Peterson is to remain in Paris indefinitely to consult M. de St. Quentin about the "yardstick" of an ultimate settlement. Signor Mussolini meanwhile concentrates on the defence of Italy against the siege. The virtual war between Geneva and Rome has again entered a dangerous phase.

** *The Observer.*

Making Enemies

The T.U.C. has an exceedingly simple conception of foreign policy—to give the greatest offence to the greatest number of Powers. Its sedulous hostility to Italy—the most constant of this country's European friends—has tended to give Germany the "casting-vote" in the Old World. And it must now do its utmost to antagonise Berlin by agitating against the visit of a German football team to London. It assumed that an offensive exhibition of political emblems would take place, and interposed in a way calculated to arouse as much ill-feeling as if it had. In the face of antics like these the opinion that Labour is "unfit to govern" is astonishing in its moderation.

The Observer.

A Mandate for the Moon

Mr. Baldwin, having made a great song and dance about a mandate for rearmament and having promised the electorate that if they gave him this they might trust him to do the rest, has, it seems little use for election pledges; for those whom he has tricked into supporting him have now learnt with chagrin that nothing is to be done in the way of increasing the Navy until after the coming Naval Conference.

This, as every well informed observer knows, is foredoomed to failure, as the demands of more than one Power, which have already been publicly stated, are quite unacceptable to this country.

It seems, then, that while other nations are building feverishly, our hands are to be tied while the Conference drags on interminably.



Playing the Game

One of the greatest safeguards against Socialism in the future is to teach the youth of the country to play the game in the team spirit and to subjugate personal ambition to the good of the side.

This has long been realised by such as Lord Lloyd, Lord Lonsdale, and Colonel C. D. Miller, that great polo player, who are all Vice-Presidents of a movement which, without any ostentation, has been doing a lot to this end.

By bringing together boys who are fortunate enough to be at schools where there are adequate playing grounds and those at elementary schools which do not possess such things the Associated Schools Games Club has succeeded in weaning hundreds of children from the streets and, by giving them the opportunity to indulge in field games together with proper coaching, has incalculable in them a new spirit.

From a small and economical office at 67, Hillfield Road, N.W.6, this Association is rendering the country increasing service every week and it is heartening to think that not only are the poorer boys benefiting greatly both in character and physique, but that those more fortunately placed are meeting them on terms into which no trace of snobbery enters.

Already such schools as Harrow, Winchester, Wellington, University College School, Alleyn's School, Bedford College, The Haberdasher Aske School, among many others have lent their playing fields for the purpose, a proof that the Englishman is always willing to lend a helping hand to his neighbour.

The Man with the Two Faces

Mr. Baldwin's pronouncements on rearmament are masterpieces of the art of taking away on the swings what is given on the roundabouts. After defending the course of "taking risks for peace" he then tried to put the responsibility for his neglect of our defences upon the electors by muttering some mumbo jumbo about democracy, which he accused of refusing to face the truth until right up against it.

If by "democracy" he means himself and his fellow ministers, then we must concede that Mr. Baldwin is right. If, on the other hand, he means the electors as a whole, then we must categorically deny that such is the case. On the contrary, all thinking men and women have been urging the Government to take action for months, even years, past.

Having gleaned even a little comfort from the Premier's declaration we had it immediately taken away again by his qualification that our strengthened forces would be required in defence of the League and on no account for the defence of England. Mr. Baldwin, speaking of the Navy, then went on to explain that only replacement was contemplated but no increase, and this, in spite of the fact that the Fleet is already below strength. He next proceeded to give an assurance that in no circumstances would conscription be introduced.

* *

Electioneering Cries

This may have been a wise electioneering cry, in as much as no one wants to be conscripted in the interests of the League; but whether a policy of support for this body, to which Mr. Baldwin is still clinging, is equally judicious in another matter. In a ballot recently conducted by the *Daily Mail* a majority of over two to one in favour of resigning from the League was recorded. The greater number of those who registered their opinions are supporters of the National Government as the only alternative to Socialism and the Prime Minister's wisdom in totally disregarding the wishes of the majority of his own side is more than questionable.

* *

Pleasing the Enemy

The trouble with Mr. Baldwin all along is that he is far more intent on pleasing the opposition than his own party, which he has done his best to disintegrate. It is a strange mental outlook as such tactics have already proved totally ineffective. The only result, in fact, is to alienate the sympathy of both sides. The Socialists are only annoyed if the so-called "Conservative" policy coincides with their own because it deprives them of a stick with which to belabour the Government, with the result that they immediately go one better and look for fresh pretexts for contention. True Conservatives, on the other hand, are naturally disgusted by such tactics and either abstain from

voting, the only honest thing to do, or vote under protest because, owing to the disgraceful state of present British politics, there is no true Conservative candidate to vote for.

* *

Our Needs in the Air

The truth is that we need a new Navy, and a Navy constructed on the most up-to-date modern lines, one that is capable of defending our vast Empire communications and of ensuring that adequate food supplies reach our shores in all circumstances.

But even more do we need a large Air Force. The largest battleship cannot protect us from bombing from the skies; for the enemy planes can evade them with ease. Aeroplanes can only be dealt with effectively by aeroplanes, which must go out and meet the invaders before they reach our shores. Mr. Baldwin himself recognised this when he spoke a true simile in his declaration that our frontiers were on the Rhine. Our frontiers to-day are the frontiers of any country that proposes to attack us. Yet the Prime Minister, who told us this himself, has made no genuine effort to meet the situation.

* *

Chinese Arts

The present exhibition of Chinese art brings home to us the great age of that culture. One of the exhibits comprises examples of 9th century Buddhist printing—the earliest known—which were executed no less than six hundred years before Caxton set up his press, after he had acquired the art in Bruges from Colard Mansion.

It seems strange in the face of this that China to-day should be so far behind the Western nations in point of civilisation. The truth is that this unhappy country has for so long been torn by internal dissension that progress has been arrested in all respects.

* *

Japanese Intervention

These bare facts will, after a little reflection, prove how right Japan was to take the firm action she did in Manchuria, action for which the League of Nations proceeded to censure her. A country which was slipping back into barbarism and where banditry reigned supreme is now, under Japanese guidance, becoming prosperous once more. Further, it is now becoming possible to carry on trade in a normal manner, which was out of the question only a few years ago.

A lot of nonsense was talked at the time about violating Chinese territory and wresting Manchuria from China. The facts of the matter are that Manchuria never belonged to China: but China belonged to Manchuria, who conquered her. The last Chinese Imperial dynasty, of which the present Emperor of Manchukuo is a member, was, in fact, Manchu.

The Two Card Trick

By Kim

WELL now! The new Government is formed "as you were" with two—or is it three?—changes. Mr. Speaker is again enthroned, new members have enrolled, the "oldest inhabitant," as Mr. Lloyd George calls himself, is full of glee seeing as how Sir Herbert Samuel was defeated, and the rest of us are waiting to see what the Government proposes to do about many vital matters.

Of the three changes, one may be dismissed briefly. Mr. Duff Cooper is at any rate an aggressive politician, and he will probably make his presence felt in the War Ministry, but no one, not even if one were to draw any name promiscuously out of a hat, could be conceivably less fitted for the job than Lord Halifax, a mild and meek pacifist, who would be far better suited to a bishopric were it not that our bishops for the most part are nowadays noisily bellicose.

UNPLEASANT MYSTERIES

The other two changes are this swap-over between Mr. "Jim" Thomas and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. True, Mr. Thomas did not find the Dominions office exactly a bed of roses. The Oversea Dominions made little mystery of the fact that he was unsatisfactory, and as his main asset as a jocular teller of smoke-room stories was of no practical value to them, it is understood that they made plain representations to Mr. Baldwin that they would prefer Mr. Thomas's room to his company. So now he is given the Secretarship of State for the Colonies, whose views can more easily be shelved, and whose wants he can ignore in the usual way, apparently observed as far as our Colonies are concerned.

And Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is given the job of Secretary of State for the Dominions. Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand, to say nothing of the Irish Free State, may be rejoicing at this new Cabinet representative of their interests, but press comments have been significantly silent on the matter. Why this man of thirty-four should have been suddenly raised to the status of a Cabinet Minister at the psychological moment that his father saw fit to resign as Prime Minister, and is now raised even more in relative importance—for the Dominions rank almost next to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the fighting ministries apart—is a mystery and an unpleasant one at that. We search his record in vain. His is no outstanding personality. He cuts no figure in the political arena whatsoever except, of course, that his name is MacDonald. He has not even a seat in Parliament and he is not likely to find the getting of one too easy. His record at the Colonies contains only one outstanding feature, when he was anxious to cede a strip of British territory to Italy if Signor Mussolini would agree not to go to war with

Abyssinia—to cede not only a British possession, but also the subjects of the King. When asked in Parliament if His Majesty had been consulted on the proposal, he replied that it was not necessary. It was not, he thought, in the least important to consult the King before handing over British lands and subjects to a foreign power, in order to bolster up the League of Nations!

So Mr. Malcolm MacDonald shows himself to be a chip of the old block. His constituency, Bassetlaw, threw him out because they had no doubt in their minds as to why he is where he is. Meantime, the plight of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is by no means enviable. True, he also, as though by some secret arrangement, becomes Lord President of the Council, and there he can continue to exert his influence to see that his dear friends the Russians can obtain a loan guaranteed by the British Government for £20,000,000, and to keep us tied by the heels to the League of Nations, whose only activity that can be seen is to force us into enmity with Italy and the serious danger of war, in order to preserve peace! Surely, too, he can be relied upon to do his best to see that, despite all the promises of re-armament, as little as possible is accomplished, for so far it is all talk and no performance, though every hour tells.

It is all very strange. There are eight "Labour Nationals" in Parliament. They cannot number 400,000 votes amongst the lot of them. They hold six Ministerial posts, three being in the Cabinet, namely the two MacDonalds and the aforesaid Mr. "Jim" Thomas. Is there some magic in the name of MacDonald? Certainly there is not among the electorate, and if Mr. Baldwin can find safe seats for either of them, to say nothing of both, he will have to perform an act of wizardry, unless, of course, the City might like to be represented by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the friend of Russia.

"To the Edge of Risk"

Once more our destiny lies in the hands
Of him who lately has betrayed his trust,
Who failed the Empire's needs to understand,
The while our weapons crumbled into dust.

"Disarmed to Edge of Risk!"—himself he said
These shameful words. Again he has the power
To make or mar. Quick! ere the chance be sped,
Fate will not stay the inexorable hour.

Now let him strive to remedy the past,
To mend the breaches in our weakening walls,
To build up solid bulwarks that will last,
And keep our country safe whate'er befalls.

Focus.

An Interview with Italy

By Meriel Buchanan

THE attention of the whole world is centred on Italy, and the question of Sanctions occupies all minds. That first foolish, almost hysterical sympathy with Abyssinia, fostered and encouraged by our sentimental supporters of the League of Nations Union has, one is thankful to say, waned a little. Even those who first acclaimed the putting into force of Sanctions, are becoming a little dubious.

And yet the Government persist in saying that there is to be no change in their policy; blindly, wilfully they shut their eyes to the appalling danger, and still allow Mr. Eden (Litvinoff's mouthpiece) to retain his post at Geneva, knowing—as they must surely know—that he is a tool in the hands of Litvinoff, and used by Soviet Russia to further their own diabolical machinations for the destruction of Western civilisation.

LITVINOFF'S MOUTHPIECE

Wishing to convince myself of the Italian feeling about Sanctions, I obtained an interview at the Italian Embassy. Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy with which I was received or the charming manner with which all my questions were answered.

The first question I asked dealt with the public feeling in Italy regarding Mr. Anthony Eden (Litvinoff's mouthpiece). The answer did not surprise me. The English Minister for the League of Nations was so hated that hostile demonstrations had been held against the Hotel Eden which was owned by Germans and been established in Rome for nearly a century. The Italians, my informant told me, could not understand why Mr. Eden (Litvinoff's mouthpiece) was so unduly anti-Italian, so fervidly pro-Russian.

They felt that, by his policy at Geneva, he was

playing directly into the hands of Communism. The Italians realise only too well that Soviet Russia is waiting to take advantage of any International situation which would further their own ends and bring about a world war and the consequent, inevitable world revolution. The Kremlin were using Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden (Litvinoff's mouthpiece) to foster enmity between England and Italy and destroy the great Capitalist and Fascist States who had for so many years maintained an impregnable bulwark against Bolshevism. Russia's sudden change of front in regard to the League of Nations was significant of their intentions. Formerly the U.S.S.R. had regarded the League as a purely Capitalist institution, and had held themselves aloof from Geneva, but now, with the development of the Italo-Abyssinian question, they were supporting the League and using it as an instrument directed against England and civilisation.

I asked what the effect of Sanctions had been in Italy. Sanctions, I was told, had so far had the moral effect of uniting the whole country in a spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice. The consumption of meat had been reduced by fifty per cent., the reduction having indeed been so drastic that there was now a surplus of meat on the market, so that an order had been issued asking people to eat more meat.

Sanctions were also acting as a spur to the people's initiative, plans were being made for the manufacturing of artificial wool and synthetic cotton, and cotton was even being grown in the south, while the mines of Sardinia, of the Arsa, and the Val d'Aostaure were redoubling their output. The Italian people were accepting the burden laid on them with a brave, courageous spirit, though at the same time they bitterly resented the imposition



Sanctions are dragging us into war to defend this typical example of Abyssinian "civilisation."

of force against them. It was an insult to their pride and independence, which they would not easily forget. They were, however, ready for all sacrifices. They would endure the increasing privations, the lack of commodities, the discomfort, the shortage of food, the lack of heating in the public buildings, the schools and houses, with an uncomplaining loyalty.

As long as Sanctions only affected the general public they would not revolt against them, but—here the charming Italian voice grew stern and cold—if Sanctions were enforced which would in any way hinder the military operations in Abyssinia; if, for instance, the oil embargo were enforced, which would directly affect the army and air force, then Italy would regard it as an act of war, and would answer it by armed force. There could be no doubt of it. The bringing in of the oil embargo would mean war, immediate, implacable, relentless!

War! I have heard people scoff at the notion. Italy, they declare, cannot afford to make war on the world. She is already too deeply involved with her campaign in Abyssinia to enter into any further engagements, which she knows too well she could not hope to win. But did not Signor Mussolini once say that it is better to live a single day as a lion than a hundred days as sheep?

ANSWER TO SANCTIONS

It must be remembered also, that it would be only England Italy would be fighting, and not France and the other Sanctionist countries who she knows are not responsible, and have only followed England's lead. Driven to despair and frenzy Italy will not count the cost of an attack on England; her air fleet is still the strongest in the world and only a quarter of it is concentrated in Abyssinia. That air fleet could do incalculable harm to shipping, thousands of lives would be sacrificed, trade and commerce would be ruined, Communism would triumph. . . for war between Italy and England has been Russia's aim and for that purpose Litvinoff has encompassed the insen-sate Mr. Eden (Litvinoff's mouthpiece) in his toils.

Italy knows this only too well. She has never forgotten the Bolshevik threat to her liberty in 1920 and 1921. She has never forgotten that it was Soviet propaganda which engineered the strikes and unrest which crippled her industry and spread terror through her land. That England, her one time ally and friend, England, for whom she sacrificed so much in the past, should now side with Russia against her, is inexplicable to the Italian mind. France has never approved of Sanctions; it is only England and Russia who have forced them on the world. Without Mr. Anthony Eden and Comrade Litvinoff they would never have been put into force, the war in Abyssinia, which is causing untold suffering to thousands would probably be over by now, and, above all, the threat of war between Italy and England would not be overshadowing the world.

In the face of that threat, and of all it means of ruin and disaster, of suffering and despair, will



Abyssinians of a captured province in the Tigré salute a picture of Mussolini erected in the bush.

Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden still insist on carrying out their policy? Is there nobody whose voice can reach them and induce them to listen to reason and common sense?

The time is short, and we who love our country can only pray that the Government will realise the criminal folly of an oil embargo before it is too late, that they will not cling to that fetish that "though it carries risks it has the great advantage of being likely to work quickly." It will work quickly, but not in the way the Government fondly hope, for its results will be the breaking off of diplomatic relations between England and Italy and an immediate declaration of war.

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"
"The National Review"
 and
 their humble servant
"The Saturday Review"

Falsehoods about a Gallant Force

By G. A. Pasquier (Ex-Special Constable 135, Shanghai Police)

IT is to be hoped that during this Parliament questions may be put concerning the outrageous reflections which are being cast on that splendid body of men, the British police at Shanghai.

Since the affair of the shot Japanese marine accusations have been made by interested parties that the force has become an "asylum for unemployed Britons." It is alleged that "lack of zeal and sincerity" has been shown by the force in investigating anti-Japanese outrages.

The cry has been eagerly taken up by the Americans and in the Chinese newspapers. Although they have been engaged in the heat of the General Election battle, our own Socialists have also characteristically found time to add their still small, ignorant voices to the chorus of criticism.

To anyone with the remotest knowledge of the work done by these British policemen such allegations are as fantastic as they are shameless. The nature of their duties and their reputation for courage and efficiency have led to more than one comparison between them and the famous R.I.C. They have long been recognised as Shanghai's first line of defence, as well as policemen. Periodically they have saved the Settlement—and by their example, other ports where foreigners reside—from being swamped in a Red anti-foreign flood.

Far-Flung Forces

It is 11,005 sea miles from the Downs to Shanghai, and to people with Sanctions and Collective Security on the brain the reputation of this far-away force may seem of little account.

Actually this attack on the force is part of the present campaign to injure British interests not only at Shanghai, where £60,000,000 of British capital is at stake, but all over China.

No one acquainted with the problems of the Far East will wish for anything but the resumption of the former cordiality of Anglo-Japanese relations. But one cannot be blind to the fact that since the British Foreign Office has given in so far and so often to every Chinese demand the Japanese have determined to step into our shoes. From the date of the hurried and ignominious surrender of Hankow—for which Mr. Baldwin's last Conservative Government was responsible—the Japanese have grasped every new measure of power handed over to the Chinese.

Now they are out to capture the administration of the International Settlement of Shanghai, which is almost entirely in British hands, and the agitation they are now making against the police is but a symptom of that amiable intention.

Shanghai has been described by an American

writer as a "poorly camouflaged British colony." That is nonsense. It has merely so happened that through our predominant interests, and because we founded the Settlement in 1843, we have rightly taken the lion's share of its administration.

The police force consists of some 800 British and British Indian subjects, a large body of Chinese and smaller detachments of Japanese and White Russians.

It has been said with truth that that part of Shanghai governed by the foreigner is an island of security in the sea of chaos which is Republican China. To the Settlement flees every crooked politician with his ill-gotten gains in order to save his head. Political crime in the form of assassination and blackmail alone occupies half the time of the force. To cope with it the C.I.D. officers must be awake to every crazy development in the kaleidoscope of Chinese politics.

An Infernal Machine

A retired war-lord living on the loot of his depredations in one of the palatial foreign villas in Bubbling Well Road is never free from the bomb danger or the assassin's bullet.

It is an ordinary daily event for a station sergeant to learn on the telephone that Mr. Wang or Mr. Zee has received an infernal machine—which fortunately failed to explode—in a present of a copy of the Classics or a basket of Chinese delicacies. Investigations into the offence may last for weeks and will possibly include visits to haunts of gunmen.

It is no exaggeration to say that there is scarcely a single major crime, political or otherwise, which does not involve danger to the life of the British policeman.

When it is realised that the fame of Shanghai's wealth attracts to the place almost every disreputable element in China's four hundred millions, and that armed robbery, kidnapping of male children and blackmail are recognised trades out there, some idea can be had of the magnitude of ordinary police duties.

Long before Lord Trenchard revolutionised London police methods to meet the menace of the modern criminal, the Shanghai police had adopted special means to fight for the survival of law and order. These have involved nightly raids on the dens of desperadoes who can shoot straight nowadays.

Ever-recurring strikes and labour troubles—usually of Communist origin—arms running and opium trafficking on a large scale, and lastly the defence of Shanghai itself in the event of a sudden rising threatening the lives of the foreign population—these are just a few of the jobs for the British police.

Enemies of Our State

By Rupert Strong

MANY people imagine that the menace of Communism is waning in this country.

With natural satisfaction, they point to the fact that only one member of the Communist Party was successful in the General Election. But actually the menace is greater than ever before, because the wolf is walking about in sheep's clothing—in other words, Communists are calling themselves Socialists.

At a meeting held in Moscow, prior to the election, the British member of the permanent Executive Committee of the Moscow International said that if the Labour Party would agree not to oppose Communists in districts where communism had a real backing, the Communist Party would not oppose Socialist candidates elsewhere, but would "do everything possible to ensure their election to Parliament."

The Moscow plans for the British election were actually put into practice. In a large number of constituencies Communists worked hand in hand with the Socialists, feeling as much at home under the flag of the Labour Party as under the hammer and sickle of the Soviets. They found that they could speak with ease in support of the Socialist programme because it fitted in, almost to the letter, with their own revolutionary schemes for establishing a Soviet régime in England.

PROLETARIAN DICTATORSHIP

When one considers the fact that the Socialist vote has gone up 1,300,000 since 1931, it is clear that there is grave cause for alarm. Some people pretend that Socialism is not the same thing as Communism, but in reality both parties have the same end in view—the overthrow of the present system and the establishment of a proletarian dictatorship.

One of the outstanding features of the claptrap served up by Socialist tub thumpers during the bid for power, was the claim that Russia is a much better place to live in than England. There would be little need to explode this myth had not large numbers of apparently intelligent people been gulled into thinking that the Soviets are the most efficient administrators in the world.

A considerable number of apparently responsible people who have visited the U.S.S.R. have supported this theory. And when it comes from those who are manifestly hostile to Bolshevism it acquires a greater significance than the most ingeniously conceived propaganda issued by the Bolsheviks themselves.

Let us look for a moment at the machinery which controls the output of commodities and the system of distribution in Russia to-day. These are the key points of any form of communal economy, and here, if anywhere, one should find that vaunted efficiency most prominently in evidence.

Yet, even in Moscow and Leningrad, the two most prosperous cities of the U.S.S.R. there is an extreme scarcity of supplies, and the system of distribution is inadequate owing to the lack of effective organisation. There are long queues for bread, soap, stamps.

The Proletarian Victory factory, which has a daily production of 1,200 pairs of boots was, until recently, exporting two-thirds of its output, in spite of the fact that many of its workers were very poorly shod. Similarly, one can see crates of eggs and butter marked for export, though it is practically impossible to purchase these commodities in the home market.

PIECEWORK PAY

Originally, all workers in Soviet factories received equal wages; but five years ago the "piecework" system was introduced "as a temporary and emergency measure," and this is still in force because it was found that the employees worked harder when paid in relation to their work than they would on a fixed wage.

Is this Communism? Or is it a recognition of the "capitalist" system which provides for inequality of reward according to inequality of enterprise and diligence?

A few years ago people said "There are only 40,000 Communists in Britain. What is there to worry about?" To-day we know that there are at least ten million Socialists in this country. They may not all know it, but they stand for bloody revolution, anarchy and chaos. The following extracts from writings and speeches of prominent Socialists should illustrate the point that there is little, if any, difference between Socialism and Communism:

"Soviet Russia is a good example of what can be done, and if England would only follow, other countries would very soon do the same."

"We Socialists are not Nationalists . . . but Internationalists, who mean to make British Socialism a part of a world union of Socialist Republics."

Now is the time to begin a campaign against Socialism. It will be fatal to wait until the next General Election heaves in sight. Millions of new young men and women will come on to the electorate during the next five years. Now is the time to make sure that they will act as good Conservatives.

Communists and Socialists are concentrating upon winning the youth of England to their side. They are hitting at our constitution through our schools; they are laying deep and ugly plans for the destruction of this Island. But if every true Englishman plays his part during the next few years it will once again be possible to overthrow the enemies of our State.

As Others See Us

By Robert Machray

WHETHER aware of it or not, Sir Samuel Hoare appears to be doing his utmost to make himself supremely ridiculous in politics. This in itself would perhaps be no great matter if, when doing so, he did not as Foreign Secretary succeed in making our whole people distinctly odious to all foreigners at the same time. Last week, he repeated the statement that there exists among us a "deep strain of idealism." But when he alleges that it is this idealism which inspires our Government's action respecting the Sanctions, he causes a strain elsewhere of quite another sort. He lays himself—and the Government, too—open to being charged with humbug and hypocrisy.

This is precisely the charge that is being brought against our Government's policy by the most competent observers abroad. They do not see in the Government's action at Geneva that ardent, self-sacrificing devotion to the League of Nations of which such a parade is made here, especially by our hack Press. But they see the machinery of the League being put in motion, they declare, for the furtherance of British interests—and nothing else. They fail to see where the much-vaunted idealism comes in.

HIGH IDEALISM

One of the best-known of foreign writers is the brilliant Frenchman who signs himself "Pertinax." He has just published in the *Fortnightly Review* an important article and he has a good deal to say in it about our Government—nor does he neglect Sir Samuel Hoare. "Pertinax" says :

"We are simply at a loss to understand the claim made so many times by Sir Samuel Hoare that nothing but motives of high idealism have actuated British policy in its present course. Not that we fail to realise it would be a mistake to overlook the popular movement in England in favour of 'collective security,' the lesson of the Peace Ballot and so on.

"But how can we believe that the overlord of the Sudan and Egypt would remain undisturbed at the prospect of Italy planting herself in Ethiopia, which in some respects commands the Nile, where it would at any rate be possible for her to build up an army of very warlike blacks?

"How can we believe that the bold words uttered by Signor Mussolini at the end of June, in the presence of Mr. Eden, about the Mediterranean, gave no disquiet to a Government which must of necessity control the sea route to India?"

"Pertinax" is not a voice crying in the wilderness; other foreign writers of note say much the same, though they may put it in different ways and words. Some of them, in fact, go farther, and pour contempt on Sir Samuel's assertions; one of them was so rude as to ask him, "Was the British Empire built on idealism?" But one and all simply refuse to accept the idea that it is our Government's adherence to the League or its Covenant that is behind the insistence on the Sanctions.

If they are justified in holding this view, it follows that they are justified in stating that it is England who must bear the costs and losses entailed by the imposition of the Sanctions far more than any other State however nearly concerned. "Pertinax" says :

"Sir Samuel Hoare continually repeats that, in a system of collective security, each member-State must contribute its equal share to the common purpose. The truth of that assertion can be disputed. As things go in this world, the nations most directly affected by the conflict, or which are best able to act, are bound to assume a kind of leadership and to saddle themselves with direct responsibilities that, at least in practice, exceed by far the responsibilities of the other Governments."

In the foregoing, the phrase "nations most directly affected" points unmistakably to the one nation most directly affected, and that is the British; in a war with Italy the "direct responsibilities" of England would exceed by far the responsibilities of the other Governments.

Now, the plain meaning of all this stands out with ghastly clearness; namely, it is England who will have to foot the bill in a preponderant measure. How preponderant? Who can tell? And the fiction, as they consider it abroad, that the war would be on behalf of the League, and not for British interests, would not help her in the slightest degree. In fact, much the reverse. We have to make up our minds about that!

GERMAN SILENCE

To see ourselves as others see us is not always or often pleasant, but it is generally useful. During the last two or three weeks of the crisis there has been much comment on the silence of Germany. Official utterances have been very reserved, and the Press is controlled, but one of our evening papers published the other day an article by the editor of a Berlin journal of the first rank, who took as his subject the canting proclivities of the British people, and he did not spare us in any way. He said nothing about the Italo-Abyssinian question, his remarks being based on what he evidently believed to be our national characteristic—hypocrisy. But that was enough.

So far as foreign opinion is concerned, it is perfectly hopeless for our fatuous Government to continue to aver that its policy towards Italy is merely a League affair, for nobody abroad credits such a statement for a moment. Not even do the States, most eager for the application of further Sanctions, believe it, though they are ready, as a matter of course, to take advantage of the situation as suits their own interests, just as they believe this is what our Government is doing at Geneva. Their supreme argument is the British concentration in the Mediterranean, a concentration with which the League had nothing to do.

The Danger of Democracy

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

IN the popular mind it has been well said that every idea has but two stages. The first stage is that no one ever heard of such a thing and, of course, it is quite impossible. The second stage is, "Everyone always knew that." Those more discerning than the average man realise how the transition comes about and, each in their own age, can accurately forecast the broad lines of the immediate future as a result of their observations.

An individual produces a theory in the form of a little known treatise or pamphlet. A select few, here and there, develop it or its corollaries in various directions. Within a few years many responsible volumes on historical or political subjects are issued in quick succession, all of which are written in the light of this theory, and when that day dawns the acute observer knows in what general direction the popular mind will work for a few decades, for intellectual snobbishness will quickly convince the crowd that "everyone always knew that."

BLIND DEVOTION

To-day, there is no more potent sign than that of the number of books on current events or political theory which are pouring from various publishing houses to question democracy, and a British contributor to a United States anthology, just published, sums up in one sentence the feeling of all the thoughtful men and women of his race.

"It is not enough," writes Mr. Denis Brogan, "to cling in blind devotion to possibly obsolete political institutions, to refuse to consider adjustments of machinery that may be indispensable to the survival of democratic government in a country; for it must not be forgotten that a democratic government is a *government*, that democratic is the adjective, not the noun."

Precisely! The variety of government matters far less than the fact of government, for definite and firm *government* is the first essential to the maintenance of a civilised community, a fact which socialistic teaching has overlaid with many lies, such as that there exists a primary right of equal opportunity for all, or that the community owes something to the individual citizen. Actually, the individual citizen owes the security of his very life only to that conquest of primitive savagery which is summed up in the phrase "established government," and the sooner the masses are disabused of the notion that the community, as such, owes something to its component parts, the better for all concerned.

The members of a community may, or may not, agree that certain moral responsibilities are theirs, but these responsibilities are in no way a part of the essence of government, and for the common safety should not be confused with it. We see to-

day on every hand how the confusion of the efforts of humanitarianism, for instance, with the functions of government may lead through the abuse of the former to the destruction of the latter.

Just as a shelter is essential to a family, so government is essential to a community of families, but whether that government be autocratic, oligarchic, or democratic, is a matter of time and place, not a part of the essential need.

Nor is this a mere academic distinction, an intellectual hair-splitting, pleasing to a philosopher but of no practical consequence, for once it is seen that any particular *form* of government is a menace to the essential security of government, then it is the duty of every good citizen to question that form without delay. And that our present forms of government constitute a menace to the future security of the nation none can deny.

Our pension schemes alone—the functions of humanitarianism confused with the functions of governments—have become a menace both because they constitute a vast means of bribing the electorate, and even more because they, through the attack on the pockets of the ratepayers, are largely helping to undermine our national resources and to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs.

Have pensions by all means, but not pensions dependent upon the result of an election, and at the mercy of a demagogic politician. Under democratic government pensions schemes cannot safely be conducted by the State.

SNIFFLING AFTER "RIGHTS"

If Conservative theory were widely taught in this country, these discussions of the simplest facts of political life would not, of course, be necessary. Conservatism holds that the *duty*—the happy duty—of the individual, is to his King and Country, and has never taught a proletarian sniffling after "rights," but recognises that the true British spirit was summed up by Otheris in one of Kipling's famous stories.

"*My right! I ain't a recruit to go whinin' about my rights to this and my rights to that, just as if I couldn't look after myself. My rights! S'treuth A'mighty! I'm a man.*"

Again, the spirit of Conservatism has the most jealous care for the development and independence of the individual, and would rather concentrate on the harder task of creating such a state of prosperity as would largely remove the need for pensions, than fling them as bait to a hopeless electorate.

But our party leaders have completely forsaken Conservatism, and our Socialists are ignorant of the most elementary facts of government. Therefore, it is necessary to educate them both.

Red Menace in England

By J. Telfer

THREE seems to be no halt in the determined efforts of our present governors masquerading under the guise of Conservatives, to disgrace British civilisation and sacrifice the Empire's might and prestige which have been handed down to us. The sacrifice of Empire interests to the Russian, the Dane and the dago; the pitiful climb-down even of the House of Lords before the Indian babu; the gross nepotism by which a retiring Socialist leader of a Conservative Government placed his untried son before brilliant young patriots, as the official guardian of our Colonial interests, are all symptoms of our serious national decay. It is doubtful, however, whether the sinister method by which we are being closely allied to the Communist Soviet Republic in Russia is not the most serious of all the crimes for which our present Government is responsible.

News has just arrived in London that the new central underground station in Moscow has been named the "Anthony Eden" station. It is further announced by the Red Trade Union International that their headquarters are to be moved to Paris in order to facilitate disruptive industrial efforts in Britain, France and Western Europe generally. We also find in such a Russophile organ as the *Manchester Guardian* that Russia's purchases from this country have fallen heavily during the past year. As a matter of fact, in 1934, when we were being told of the great advantages of trade with Russia, we bought from the Soviet more than five times as much as the Russians purchased from us.

Anglo-Russian Agreement?

Eden and Litvinoff are photographed hand in hand, complimentary speeches are made by British "National" and Russian Communist leaders. Russian desires and policies are placed on the most important plane in Downing Street and there is a generally believed and uncontradicted impression throughout the world that considerable secret agreement has been reached between the Russian and British Governments. Certainly there is grave food for thought in the close relationship existing between London, Paris and Moscow.

Indeed things have altered considerably since that great, real Conservative statesman, Mr. Bonar Law, said in 1919:

The real meaning of the rule which prevails in Russia is penetrating throughout the whole of this country and our people are beginning to realise that in whatever direction improvement may lie, it is not in that direction from which nothing but ruin can come."

As recently as 1927 Mr. Baldwin said:

The evidence of the authorities proves that military and subversive activities throughout the British Empire were directed and carried out from Soviet House.

To-day the British Empire is thrown open to the same subversive propaganda. The enemies of

Britain have been handed the key of the citadel by the elected keepers. Either the leopard has changed its spots or the present Prime Minister and his predominantly Conservative Government are guilty of the grossest betrayal of British interests.

One of the first acts of the Bolshevik Government was to spread a bloody terrorism throughout their own domains.

According to Communist leaders, the British Empire was the great stumbling block and must be disintegrated and swept away. Since that date tens of millions of pounds have been spent on seditious propaganda in the British Empire. As recently as 1929 "Comrade" Trotsky wrote an article in the German Communist organ, in which he boasted that every year Russia spent over £12,000,000 in subsidising propaganda abroad. Look at the meetings in England of the so-called Red Front and it is easy to see that every mischief-making scalliwag in search of an easy shilling has been roped in.

Future Revolutions

In 1933 the Russian official organ *Pravda* declared that:

The Communist Parties of all countries are preparing themselves to wage decisive war in the course of future revolutions, and to fight heroically for the victorious dictatorship of the world by the proletariat.

During the past few months the British Communist Party, which on a declared membership of 4,000 employs more paid organisers and speakers than any other political organisation, issued a pamphlet called "For Soviet Britain." There are fifty pages of expensively printed paper with an attractive two-coloured frontispiece. It is sold at a penny and it is a fair presumption that the Russian subsidy pays the enormous loss there must be on publications of this nature. On page 29, under the heading "What will British Soviets do?" it says:

Then there are subsidies . . . to the Judges, to the Royal Family, the Bishops, the Generals and Admirals . . . when this vast burden is swept away, but not before, it will be possible to raise wages, shorten hours, and end unemployment.

The leopard has not changed its spots. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden are surrendering to-day to a foreign Government which subsidises throughout Britain the lying and disgraceful argument that unemployment and low wages are due to the cost of our Royal Family.

These are the only terms in which the battle of the future can be explained. Mankind has to choose between the rapid development of progress and decency as we see it to-day, or the bloodstained ethics of Communist dictatorship. Only weak government and total abandonment of British "pride of race" can expose us to danger.

Scrap the Quotas

By Quintex

IT must be obvious that the fundamental aim of any scheme to assist our farmers should be to increase home produced food to the utmost and to secure for them a fair and remunerative price. Neither of these aims is being achieved under the present system, if such a word can be used to describe the present hodge-podge of boards, quotas, restrictions and prices.

In fact, the very reverse is the case. The following examples may be taken as typical.

Although we are still purchasing thousands of tons of potatoes abroad, over £15,000 in fines have been collected from home growers for producing too many potatoes.

The same ridiculous principle may be applied in the case of milk. In spite of the fact that our total imports of milk for all purposes amount to 2,800,000,000 gallons, the Milk Board announced its intention a short time ago to seek powers to restrict home production! Yet it has been estimated that, given adequate tariff protection, the British dairy industry could be expanded within six or eight years sufficiently to supply the whole of our requirements.

The result of the recent Ballot might well have meant the finish of the Board had it not been disclosed that there was an enormous liability which would have to be met by the producers.

The position with regard to cereals is somewhat different. Although it is not possible—and never will be—for us to grow more than a certain percentage of our requirements, the Wheat Act deliberately limits production. The area of arable land has already shrunk to 9,248,000 acres as compared with 12,399,000 acres in 1918. Yet at least 5,000,000 more acres are suitable for arable cultivation.

COMPARISON OF PRODUCTION

That a vast improvement could speedily be effected is shown by the following comparison of production during the last year of the war and 1934. In 1918 we produced 30,949,000 quarters of wheat, barley and oats. By 1934 this had fallen to 18,355,000 quarters. In the same period potato production fell from 4,209,000 to 3,439,000 tons.

Here again it is necessary to point out that the farmer is not getting a fair portion of the price paid by the consumer. For his flour he gets about 1d. per lb. The consumer, with bread at 6½d. per quartern, pays 2.32d. per lb. Assuming that 1 lb. of flour makes 1.4 lb. of bread, this gives a margin of about 130 per cent. Actually the margin is even larger, for the miller, using a mixture of English and foreign flour, buys at considerably less than 1d. per lb.

The same excessive margin is shown in the case of meat. Beef at 38s. per live cwt., including the subsidy, gives the farmer 7d. per lb. The con-

sumer pays for the better joints from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d. per lb., a margin of 100 per cent., though somewhat less on other joints.

The bacon producer gets 6½d. per lb. Bacon retails at from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 10d., thus also showing over 100 per cent. margin. And at present ruling prices the producer is actually in many cases selling at a loss. He now receives less than before the institution of the scheme.

The quota allows vast quantities of Argentine beef to flood the market, yet it is estimated that there are at least fifteen million acres of grassland which could produce 4 million more tons of English beef, of which our present production is less than one million tons annually.

In view of these depressing experiences of the branches of farming already afflicted by Boards and Quotas it is not surprising, though none the less satisfactory, that there was such spirited opposition to the Egg Marketing Scheme. What is surprising is that in view of the utter failure of existing "schemes" any extension should even be considered. Particularly is this so when the outstanding success of straight tariffs has been so effectively demonstrated where they have been properly applied.

HORTICULTURAL TARIFFS

Tariffs were introduced for the horticultural industries in 1931. Up to that date foreign imports were rapidly driving the English grower out of business. Imports have now been halved. The value of the home fruit and vegetable products has been increased by ten million pounds. The area devoted to glasshouse growing has increased by 500 acres and the value of production by a million pounds. Employment has been found for 20,000 more people.

The quantity of flowers, bulbs, lettuces, strawberries, etc., has increased by leaps and bounds and this produce now provides a reasonable return on capital.

The same remarkable success of tariffs as opposed to quotas is shown by other industries protected by tariffs. The motor-car and artificial silk industries provide startling examples. Production in the latter has increased by 275 per cent. since 1930.

Conclusive though the evidence is, it is not to be expected that the Socialist element in the Government will easily surrender the ground they have gained in the creation of bureaucratic boards with their accompanying host of restrictions and regulations. The opposition must, however, be squarely met. The Socialists would welcome the utter failure of the Quotas merely as an excuse for insisting on still further regulation and more control—as steps, of course, towards Nationalisation.

Only straight tariffs will put the farmer on the road to prosperity.

The Stoic

By Dan Russell

FROM time to time I have been accused of having a very soft spot in my heart for the badger. I do not deny it, for of all the animals of the English countryside the badger is my favourite. Here is a true story of a badger whom I knew well; when you have read it you will perhaps understand my liking for the beast.

Old Brock lay curled nose to tail in his warm oven. The whole of that small space was filled with the sound of his hoarse, deep breathing, and the air was warm and stuffy from the heat of his thick-furred body. All through the previous night the old badger had roamed the woods and thickets in search of food; his menu had consisted of two trapped rabbits, many beetles and a wounded pigeon; and now, full-fed and tired, he slept.

Here in the depths of the earth he was safe from direct attack, for the oven in which he lived was the centre of a network of galleries and chambers into which he could retreat if danger threatened. But it was not often that Old Brock retreated, for he feared no denizen of the countryside; the fox, the otter and the prowling cat all slunk aside when this tough old veteran waddled down the path. Man was his only foe, but in the village they could tell of how Old Brock had time and again defeated the badger-diggers and crippled their dogs. A very grim and doughty warrior is an old boar badger.

Anticipation

The day wore on; in the afternoon the badger awoke. He lay motionless, his little piggy eyes gleaming like sloes through the darkness. Soon the night would come and once more he would set off on his wanderings through the starlit countryside. He licked his chops in anticipation of rabbit for supper.

But, suddenly, Old Brock rose to his feet. His hair stood out on end and his terrible canine teeth were bared in a wicked snarl. Something was crawling down the passage from the world above, something which gasped and panted as if in dire distress. A rank odour wafted into the oven; the scent of fox. Brock advanced a pace and peered into the darkness of the tunnel, ready to send this invader about his business. The scuffling drew nearer and two slanted yellow eyes gazed into the oven. The old badger stared back in silence; he was no friend of the foxes, but something in the obvious distress of this animal made him pause. The yellow eyes seemed to be making a mute appeal for sanctuary.

Then from the tunnel above broke tumult. The voices of many hounds as they marked their quarry to ground, the sharp, silvery note of a hunting horn and the voice of a man "Lea, wind 'im, my beauties, whoo-oo wind 'im."

At the sound the fox crawled into the oven, but Old Brock did not move; the fox passed him and vanished into the bowels of the earth. The badger waited, grim and menacing. . . .

Above, the hounds scratched at the earth, snarling with anger at the disappearance of their prey. The Master rode up.

"Take the hounds away" he said "We'll try to bolt him."

Hounds were taken back. A man arrived with a small terrier. The Master and the huntsman returned to the earth.

"Quiet please."

The terrier crept into the earth and vanished from sight. The man listened. In a minute or two they heard the terrier baying. The Master raised his hand to enjoin silence.

The baying in the earth grew louder, then it ceased. Then the stem of the terrier was seen backing from the hole. The Master peered in, for a moment he could see nothing, then

"Look out!" he yelled. "It's a badger. He's coming out."

Slowly Old Brock waddled to the edge of the hole. There he halted and surveyed the scene, his narrow head weaving from side to side. From his throat came a deep, ominous rumble. The hounds viewed him and rushed forward with screams of bloodthirsty excitement. The badger advanced to meet them. One courageous old warrior against the forty.

Very slowly and calmly he lumbered forward; the wave of hounds came on and over him; he disappeared beneath the snarling, struggling bodies. There rose a horrid sound of worrying. The huntsman cheered and blew a long note on the horn.

Kaleidoscope

But suddenly yells of pain broke from that writhing mass, then the whole heaving kaleidoscope began to move. Down the hill it went at a snails pace, and the men could see that in the midst of it was Old Brock. In front and on either side of him the hounds hung back. They bayed and snarled, but not one ventured within reach of that lean, arrowy head. Most of them were bleeding from deep slashes in the legs.

On went Old Brock with the howling mob around him, eager to pull him down. He reached the brook and turned back towards the earth. The hounds closed upon him. Yells of agony rose from the hounds as the badger slashed; not a fore leg but bore the mark of those chisel-like teeth.

Up to the earth rolled that strange fight, the one against the forty. At the hole Brock wrenched himself free and backed inside. The bleeding hounds drew back. He stood at the edge of his fortress and eyed them disdainfully.

Then he disappeared, and the watching men saw that his hindquarters were clotted with blood.

Down in the earth a hunted fox took his ease with gratitude, and in the oven the stoic licked the wounds of honourable combat.

Eve in Paris

PARIS has been much excited at the too brief visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to the British Embassy, and the festivities for St. Andrews Day, which they honoured with their presence.

St. Andrew was the Patron Saint of the Duchy of Burgundy, as well as of Scotland—a link between the two countries which Philippe le Bon recognised when in 1430 he founded the Order of the Golden Fleece. The Caledonian Ball, with its Scottish costumes, dances and music delighted French guests, and was an immense success.

* * *

THE Radicals being divided among themselves, many voted with the Government when the Chambre des Députés assembled, and M. Laval obtained by a large majority the vote of confidence he demanded. This was partly due to M. Herriot, who influenced the votes of the Moderates of his party.

Socialists and Communists, of course, voted against the Government. After M. Laval's appeal for priority of discussion for financial interpellations, M. Blum rose and spoke, "If this is so urgent, why have you delayed so long? If you could, you would have promulgated the Budget by Décret-Loi."

M. Laval calmly replied, "Exactly, that is what I would have done."

This admission caused a sensation in the Socialist and Communist ranks. M. Blum, livid with rage, cried, "There is a conspiracy against republican institutions," and M. Martineau-Deplat, mouthpiece of the Radicals, declared that his Party reserved judgment on the economic and financial policies of the Government.

* * *

FORMERLY the French were well-read in the history of their country; they studied authoritative works, and delighted in Dumas.

The younger generation does neither, and displayed amazing ignorance in the questions it asked before—and after—the curtain had gone up on M. Boudet's play "Margot," concerning the Valois and their times.

Edouard Boudet generally chooses strange themes for his plays, and is always successful. "La Prisonière" had a very long run, also "Fleur des Pois." This is the first time he has attempted historical drama. The results are admirable.

The beautiful Reine Margot, who inherited her mother Catherine de Medici's intellect, has excited the interest of countless writers of poetry and romance, and Brantôme, her contemporary, describes her fascinations. The play shows the court of the decadent sons of Henri II, and touches discreetly on the relations between Henri III and his sister, whom Charles IX marries to Henri de

Navarre, to punish her for an intrigue with the Duc de Guise.

It is artistically staged, and the splendour of the dresses is characteristic of a period when fortunes were spent on court array, by men as well as women.

* * *

THE Académie Française made a popular choice in electing M. Georges Duhamel to fill G. Lenotre's vacant place. The successful candidate is young for an "Immortel." He is 51. He started life, like many great authors, in the medical profession, but finding time to publish poems, novels and plays, made his mark early in literature.

Perhaps M. Duhamel's finest work is "Vie et Aventures de Salavin." He has also produced light fiction, books on travel, and writes brilliant newspaper articles.

This latter form of literature counts little with the Académie. When Bainville became a member, people said, approvingly, "The Press is recognised at last." They forgot that the famous journalist had other strings to his bow; he was an essayist and historian.

* * *

TO understand the gravity of the feud between the "Croix de Feu" and the "Front Populaire," one must realise that class hatred is always obvious in France; the spirit which was responsible for atrocities during the French Revolution is utilised by the enemies of law and order for their own sinister ends.

A recent bloody encounter between Colonel la Roque's forces and the extremists of the "Front Populaire," at Limoges, may have serious consequences. Limoges possesses seven thousand "Chomeurs," a Socialist Senator, M. Betouille, who is also Mayor, and it returns a Socialist Député.

When the Croix de Feu announced a meeting to be held in private, they were within their legal right; about a thousand people, among whom were women, assembled, listened quietly to speeches, and sang the "Marseillaise."

Meanwhile near the Mairie, some 2,000 members of the Extreme Left were manifesting, contrary to law, in the street. They uttered threats against the Croix de Feu, and massed themselves before the building whence their adversaries were emerging, attacking them with various missiles.

Many people were wounded on both sides, for the Croix de Feu defended themselves gallantly.

Colonel La Roque has sent a letter to M. Paganon, Minister of the Interior, demanding the suspension of the Mayor of Limoges for conniving at the disturbance, and the Préfet, for culpable negligence in failing to secure order.

IT IT

CHUCK IT MR. BA



THE PRIME MINISTER

*You've come back, dear Baldwin, a Die-hard, a Tory
 You've come back again to the faith of thy birth.
 To free us from Sanctions the League false and gory
 And those who love you—will shout in their mirth.*

MY dear Prime Minister.

I WROTE the above rhyme which now sounds a hollow mockery because I was so sure of you—so certain that with a Conservative majority—without any “National” encumbrances whatever to stand in your way—you would now be a real Conservative again—but alas, my dream soon became a nightmare.

FOR a majority vote in the last Election—did not give you the freehold title deeds of England and the British Empire as your own private property to be apportioned out or endangered at YOUR WILL—nor did a majority vote make the people of England—SLAVES to be driven like sheep to the slaughter and sacrificed at your bidding—simply because you talked a lot of rot and called the League of Nations your “Sheet Anchor”!

A FREE people are not to be bought and sold by politicians.

THE whole Country is bored to tears with the League of Nations and is infuriated with your Sanctions—which have turned our good friends in Italy into bitter enemies—and it is a scandal that you should have permitted Mussolini to be insulted because he is doing what England has done again and again in the past. You seem to imagine that you can

Baldwin
BALDWIN

**LADY
 HOUSTON
 D.B.E.**



affront Italy with impunity—but can you? What will you do if Mussolini GOADED BEYOND ENDURANCE—sends you an ultimatum and says—“Unless all this folly ceases—and you stop all sanctions—by twelve o’clock tomorrow—the English Fleet in the Mediterranean is at our mercy and will most certainly—be blown up?”

PULL yourself together, Mr. Baldwin, and face this fact.

MUSSOLINI has every right to demand an apology from you for the insolent, caddish manner in which Anthony Eden (Litvinoff’s mouth-piece) has treated him and when I say—“Chuck it—Mr. Baldwin”—I am echoing what every sane and honest patriot in the Land is thinking.

The Conservative vote put you in power.

Be a Conservative and a gentleman.

For all this is not statesmanship—it is **stark, staring madness!**

LUCY HOUSTON, Patriot.

FEARS

There are fears that Italy, when faced with the prospect of a collapse of her military plans, which would result from the application of oil sanctions, may embark upon some desperate act.

An air attack on Malta or an air and naval attack on the British Fleet in the Mediterranean are possibilities, if not probabilities.

—*Daily Paper.*

RACING

Utilising Tote Profits

By David Learmonth

THE speeches at the Gimcrack dinner are usually interesting. This year we heard a particularly important announcement from Sir Clement Hindley, chairman of the Racecourse Betting Control Board who, for the first time, promised that at the end of the year the Tote would have a substantial sum, round about fifty-thousand pounds, to put into racing.

This is excellent news, and I feel sure that, provided the mistakes which have been made in France—to which I referred last week—are not repeated here, it is only the forerunner of even better things to come.

I wonder how the money will be utilised? I must say that I would take the long view and concentrate on reducing prices of admission all round. After all, what is wanted is increased attendances, which can only be obtained by encouraging people to visit the racecourse instead of betting at home. This may seem a platitude, but my idea would be to encourage people to go racing by dangling over them the bait of a cheap afternoon's sport in the hope that they will then acquire the racecourse habit.

Another formidable item of expenditure is train fares. These, I admit, have been so reduced to racegoers that it would be unreasonable to expect the railway companies to make much in the way of further concessions without assistance. It may be, however, that by working in close conjunction with racecourse executives and issuing combined railway and admission tickets, which have already, I believe, proved popular, the cost of the day's outing can be still further reduced.

Mutual Advantage

After all, one must presume that the more people use the railway for this purpose, the cheaper that company can carry them; so, if the racecourse, by reducing admission money, adds to the number of passengers, the railway should meet it by making some reduction in fares. It must be remembered that during Ascot and the Epsom summer meeting the railway company runs trains for which it finds itself able to charge more than the ordinary fare, owing to the popular appeal of these events. I do not criticise this; for people will go to Ascot and the Derby anyhow. But I do feel that any further concessions the railways can make, provided the racecourses do their part in reducing admission money, will be to their ultimate advantage.

For the moment, I am afraid I would ignore the claims of owners for increased stake money, as also those of breeders. I admit that owners are the people who pay the piper and provide the sport and that few make ends meet; but I feel that by concentrating for the present on raising attendances

owners will get more in the long run. After all, it is a sounder policy to develop a business than to pay out all the profits in dividends.

As for breeders, I do not regard their claims as so great as those of owners. Given adequate capital and skilled management, the breeding of bloodstock can yield a good profit to-day. I do not think the country would gain much by the offering of bonuses to breeders of winners of flat races. On the other hand, there is much to be said for setting aside as much as can be spared for the purpose of encouraging farmers to breed good horses. The breeding of high class flat racers is, however, out of their province.

Distribution Problem

I do not know how the money will be divided between various racecourses; in fact, I scent a problem here. It is easy to argue that in common fairness those courses which contributed most to the takings of the totalisator should get the most back and that the surplus should, therefore, be divided on a percentage basis, according to takings.

But the very courses where totalisator takings are greatest are probably those in the least need of assistance, because their attendances are the highest. Thus, it would seem more to the benefit of racing as a whole, to help a small country meeting to raise the standard of its sport than to pay away a large sum to Ascot, where the quality is already the best in the world.

If I were the person who had to settle this ticklish matter I would insist that before any money were given at all the prospective recipient should submit a detailed scheme for its disposal, and I would—for the present—insist that the executive should contribute something towards the improvements, which might be structural or in the shape of reduced entrance money, or both.

One should also bear in mind the most urgent improvements required from the point of view of the comfort of the public, and insist on these being tackled first. One that I would bear specially in mind would be the catering arrangements, which are, in many cases, lamentable.

I know this is a subject upon which I have touched before. I shall continue to touch on it until something is done. Those courses where the catering is unsatisfactory should be made to terminate their existing contracts before any assistance is given them, and a well served and palatable lunch at half-a-crown should be insisted on in Tattersalls. If such a lunch can be served at Northolt, it can be served elsewhere.

And, a more refined enclosure should be provided for ladies who are not in possession of club passes.

Dream London

By Ralph Harold Bretherton

HOW do you dream of London? Do you picture the familiar scenes of your working hours and name the streets and buildings? No doubt, if you are an old Londoner, your city should give you much of the stuff of your dreams. The mind's eye builds fancifully, perhaps, and yet to some extent out of what you know. But are you London-conscious at all in that other world which comes to you when you are snug between the blankets?

I am not sure that I am unless the dream outrages geographical facts. Fairly often I dream of a green slope, the sort of hill of wind-mown-grass that you find by the sea or making the scarp of a high range. It puzzles me, that hill, as I look up to see St. Paul's at the top. I cannot make out how it is that I have never before noticed that you climbed an open hillside to reach the City. And the dream ends in disbelief, which brings me awake to disappointment. How I wish there really was a green and sunny hill in the middle of London!

A few nights ago I had another dream. I went down a long garden and out at the back into a lane between walls. It was just such a lane as you find between gardens in the old suburbs and country towns. It smelt of ivy, and was here and there overhung by trees; and it took me into Aldersgate Street. Once again I woke up arguing with myself. There couldn't be this lane between gardens in the City.

Make-Believe

So we do not always accept our city of dreams as London. It is too frankly make-believe for that. And then, when we begin to challenge the picture, we do become London-conscious. We name London and some particular street or building. At any rate, I have had dreams in which I have named Aldersgate Street and St. Paul's. But when I dream, to my embarrassment, that I have come out without my shoes and am walking in my socks along a crowded pavement, I never think of Oxford Street, Piccadilly or the Strand. I only know that I am feeling very foolish in the throng of some important thoroughfare. And it may be in any city.

Another troublesome dream is that in which I come to a clock that tells me that I am late, come and come again to it and never get past. Each time I have to go back to finish dressing, pack a bag or fetch something that I have forgotten, and I despair of ever getting where I want to go. Probably in the long years of our Londonhood a good many public clocks have accused us of being behind time as we go our daily round. But I cannot recall having dreamed of any clock that I know well. None comes, named and placed, into

mind. Have you ever dreamed of Big Ben, with his great moon-face and his deep boom? For that matter, do we dream city sounds at all? I think that in our dream city we walk in silent streets. The traffic doesn't deafen us. No rough assault of engines and wheels on the ear arouses our London consciousness.

Sometimes I dream of Buenos Ayres and Melbourne, cities to which I have never been. I find them very like a Provincial city in which I lived in my youth. I never give them a London look. Maybe I am London-conscious there to the extent that I know I am not in London. But if I name Buenos Ayres and Melbourne in dreams, how is it that I do not name any of our suburbs? I know a good many of the Outer London towns pretty well, but they never make dreams for me. Or, at least, they do not name themselves in my dreams or picture themselves recognisably. I dream of my home, but not of the house as it is or of any particular London quarter. Do you dream of your house and road in Ealing or Kingston, Hampstead or Wimbledon or wherever it is you live! I doubt if there are many Broadways and Heaths and Commons in our dream London.

Echoes

It is said that dreams are part memory, part desire. Very often we can trace back last night's dream to something that was discussed yesterday. And we enjoy in dreams the little triumphs the world denies us, get over the other fellow's "No" and fulfill long delayed hopes. If echoes of conversations set us dreaming, it is strange that the pictures the eye carries so rarely do. Much as we see of the London scene by day, very little of it comes to us in our sleep and sometimes it is altogether absurd.

Now and again I dream that I have left London for good. And, of course, I mean to do that some day and go back into the West Country. But it is a shock to find that I have already gone, and I am glad to wake up and know that the time for the move hasn't come yet.

We who live in London know her blanketed with fog, drenched from gloomy skies, nipped by bitter nor'easters and sultry under the threat of thunder. We never dream of those ills and inconveniences of the weather. London, with all the rest of the dream world, enjoys the comfortable sunshine of a bright spring noon. There is never a cloud in the sky; the air is neither hot nor cold. That tells how the cosiness of the bed governs our dreams. It gives us the climate of that vague city which may be London or any other place, pictures the sun which will explain the pleasantness of the day.

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

THE messages sent by the King and the speeches delivered by His Majesty in the course of his twenty-five years' reign would fill many bulky volumes, for His Majesty is the centre of a vast Empire and the Royal sympathies and interest are invoked and spontaneously expressed in thousands of ways and on thousands of occasions.

In gathering together a second volume of King George's speeches and messages from 1911 to the present year Messrs. Williams and Norgate have had perforce to resort to selection; otherwise the material would have far exceeded the space they could allot to a single book.

The selection appears on the whole to have been made with commendable discrimination, though in one respect the contents of the book go beyond its title of "The King to His People" (5s.), several speeches addressed to foreign rulers being also included.

Kindly and Kingly Touch

Ceremonial occasions naturally call for formal utterances where His Majesty is speaking for the nation or the Empire rather than for himself, but even here now and then we catch the kindly personal note of a very human Sovereign who feels himself to be "in some true sense the head of this great widespread family, sharing its life and sustained by its affection."

Those who seek for models of vigorous, but quietly expressed, dignified "King's English" need go no further than consult this volume, while for quaintly appropriate phrasing what could be better than the Royal message to the King's Eskimo subjects in July last year?

"King George, who rules the British Empire, and Queen Mary, his wife, to the Innuit—

"The Queen and I send our loyal Innuit subjects who dwell throughout Northern Canada and on the shores of Labrador, a message of greeting from our home in the great encampment of London.

"In every part of the Empire, be it ever so many sleeps from our encampment, the happiness of our subjects deeply affects the personal happiness of the Queen and myself.

"You shall know that we have often heard that no people are merrier or more thoughtful of their families than the Innuit. In the same way as parents are proud of their children, the Queen and I take especial pride in our faithful and hardy Innuit.

"May each Innuit family thrive, and may your children and grandchildren learn in their turn to do honour alike to their parents and to the British Empire."

Father's Tribute to His Son

Biographies of fathers by their sons are far more common than biographies of sons by their fathers. That is only in accordance with the ordinary course of nature that decrees that sons shall normally survive their parents.

But sometimes it happens that those whom the Gods love and have delighted to endow with rare gifts of character and intellect die young, leaving their parents and their circle of friends to mourn the

loss of a life so dear and so full of promise and prompting a votive offering in the form of some memoir.

It is not often that a book of this kind succeeds, as does "Antony (Viscount Knebworth), a Record of Youth," by the Earl of Lytton (Peter Davies, illustrated, 9s.), in presenting the outside world with a clear and convincing portrait of the beloved one who has died or with a deeply moving and charming story of the life so prematurely cut short.

The simple eloquence of this notable tribute from a father to his son is due not merely to strong parental affection or an inherited literary grace that has descended through successive generations of the Lytton family. It is the inspiration that comes from the contemplation even in sad retrospect of a vivid and fascinating personality between whom and his parents there was in life the most perfect understanding.

"I've got to give up my plans," wrote Antony in a characteristic outburst to his sister from India, "—if only it was a command, an injunction, a threat, how happy I should be! I should then rebel. But, of course, it's not. It is a reasonable request, reasonably explained, and leaving me with no alternative. When you have such nice parents it is impossible to be angry with them—to disobey them, deliberately to hurt them. If only they were a bit less nice, how much easier life would be! And so I am groaning under the tyranny of love and nursing a secret grievance because I can't—I simply couldn't—do what I want."

"Antony" is the record of brilliantly endowed, gallant youth. But it is also a story that carries the moral to parents that the gentlest hands in upbringing children can sometimes be the most compelling.

Hungary and Trianon

"The Treaty of Trianon," writes Mr. John D. E. Evans in "That Blue Danube" (Denis Archer, with maps, 7s. 6d.), "has become for the Hungarian people a veritable obsession."

He admits, too, that the Hungarian demand for revision is natural and worthy of sympathetic attention.

Nonetheless he proceeds to express the opinion that the Hungarian people's resentment over the Treaty's territorial clauses has been "exploited and artificially stimulated by the Budapest Government" for its own purposes.

And he goes on to point out that there are essential differences between the revisionist propaganda for home consumption and the "peaceful revision" suggested to the foreigner.

Whether Mr. Evans is right or wrong in believing that the Hungarian discontent has been artificially stimulated, there can be no denying its existence or its gravity; and indeed Mr. Evans fully acknowledges this by concluding with the question, "Will discontented Hungary be Germany's ally in a new *Drang nach Osten*?"

Altogether a thoughtful, if provocative book.

A Welcome Reprint

Messrs. Constable are to be congratulated on bringing out a new and cheaper edition of their excellent translation of Antonina Vallentin's "Frustration: Or Stresemann's Race with Death" (translated by Eric Sutton, 5s.).

Novelty in Autobiography

TO start writing one's autobiography and to publish it while still in one's twenties is to provoke the obvious criticism—what can one so young know about life.

Miss Pamela Frankau is quite indifferent to such criticism, nor is she apparently afraid of being accused of excessive egotism. She has had the urge to express herself in this way and that is all there is to it. Perhaps she was conscious that this was the best way to attain her long-harboured ambition of writing really well, not just the ordinary bright stuff expected of "young novelists" possessing "famous novelist fathers."

Whether that is so or not, she has certainly achieved that ambition in "I Find Four People" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.). It is a brilliantly written book and something quite unique in autobiography. The "four people" she writes of in the third person mark, as she says:

"four developments in the life of the person who is now myself . . . (They) no longer exist. I can remember them. I disown them and their views."

There is first of all the schoolgirl P. Frankau, whom, to the joy of her readers, she remembers remarkably well. Then there are "Miss Frankau at the Amalgamated Press," "The Author" at Windsor (making £1,000 a year at nineteen) and "the copywriter at her advertising agency."

Another novel form of autobiography is that selected by Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of that famous "best-seller" "If Winter Comes."

This professes to be a day-to-day record of "days of nothing worth" in a single year and is published under the intriguing title "A Year that the Locust—" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.).

The days recorded may have been "nothing worth" in themselves, but Mr. Hutchinson has succeeded in investing them with an amazing amount of entertainment for his readers. They are the occasion for many pleasing reminiscences and reflections on life in general and also for whimsical revelations of the author's own character.

There is not a dull page in the whole delightful book.

Scots' Food and Character

Mr. Victor MacClure in "Scotland's Inner Man" (George Routledge & Son Ltd., 5s.) has primarily set himself the task of proving that "alimentation" has had considerable influence in forming the national character of the Scot.

At the same time he gives his readers an interesting and instructive general survey of living conditions in Scotland from the earliest period of which there are any records.

Until comparatively recent times agriculture in Scotland was extremely backward and Mr. MacClure traces the effect of the resulting privations of the people on Scots' *cuisine* and character.

GIN
MEANS



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CORRESPONDENCE

Grave Warning from Italy

DEAR MADAM,—

I was given by a friend a copy of the *Saturday Review* dated 16th November, and was most interested in the frank and truthful articles and especially in your contribution.

I have lived in Italy for 30 years—and both my husband and myself are terribly distressed over the political situation.

Italians admired and really loved England—NOW, alas! just the contrary—and they cannot be blamed.

The British sense of Fair Play has seemingly vanished.

"Sanctions," if further stiffened, MEAN WAR. Italy is now absolutely determined to face all deprivations, discomfort and economy, the whole country is united as she has never been before and there is always the chance of a war of desperation.

Italy won't stand further humiliation—and quite right too. The whole country is like one man behind Mussolini and trusts him implicitly.

Has ever a man done more for his country in the short 14 years that he has been the Leader? Britain's policy of forcing every country to apply Sanctions to Italy is like stabbing a friend in the back.

I consider your paper truthful, honest and facing facts. I deplore Mr. Eden's politics and the futility (and worse) of the League of Nations, and I protest against these tactics of starving Italy out, and at the same time Mr. Baldwin saying "we have nothing against Italy."

All Europe has so far—I should say till lately—looked up to England and admired her. But what a difference now!

Britain has the responsibility of a great Nation and should not force the smaller Nations into Sanctions which

they do not want, and through which Russia and other countries are profiting.

You may imagine what the English who have lived here for years are going through. Many hard-working people have had to leave—no work, ports empty, business dead.

I am writing at once for a subscription to your paper and I wish you all possible strength and courage to continue in your good work and impress on the British public how wrong and blind to facts the Government's policy has been on this Ethiopian question. I fear the worst, if there is no change—and soon. GERTRUDE M. CANN, Villa Ombrosa, Ardenza di Terra, Livorno, Italy.

More Semi-Official Rumours

SIR,—According to a leading Conservative daily paper of the 12th instant :—

"The statement in (the Italian) communiqué No. 42 from Asmara that the Italians had captured Gabridi-hari, Warandab, Sasa Baneh and Daggah Bur is denied here" (at Addis Ababa) "as far as Daggah Bur is concerned, although it is officially admitted that the Emperor has no news from the South."

As the enclosed cutting from the "Osservatore Romano," of 11th instant shows, communiqué No. 42, which is given in full, did not contain the statement attributed to it by the special correspondent of the English paper in question, which, as a matter of fact, published a report from an agency (enclosed herewith) under the heading of an Italian official communiqué.

Apart from the fact that, as the Emperor had admitted that he had no news from the South, his denial of a (false) report cannot be worth much more than the report itself. Why these misleading statements in a serious journal?

"ACCURACY."

The Mongrel Tory Party

SIR,—I fully agree with your correspondent, Mr. E. Moule. The Conservative Party needs thoroughly purging of its political hybrid elements and Judas-like leaders. Only thus can it regain its pristine party purity, and revert to its status of an honourable, trustworthy, patriotic body, whose bitterest opponents even never doubted the conscientiousness of its motives, however much they may have differed with the latter on matters of political principle.

The only way to compel the Central Conservative Office to cleanse itself of its inherent impurities, and eradicate the political fungi that Mr. Baldwin's supine leadership has permitted to spring up in its midst, is to form an independent Conservative Association, with an executive committee for implementing the Association's reform policy.

It will then be possible to bring sufficient concentrated pressure to bear upon the Conservative Party's leaders, and its Parliamentary Committee in the House of Commons, and effect root and branch reforms in the party's structure.

It is perfectly ridiculous and most injurious to the Conservative Party's administrative efficiency that once its leader has been appointed, and usually by his own immediate henchmen, that he should retain the leadership practically as long as he sees fit to do so.

Therefore, one of the most urgent reforms required is the abolition of this farcical state of affairs. The Leader and his Parliamentary Committee should be obliged to resign every two years and obtain a fresh vote of confidence at a congress held by representatives of all the Conservative committees throughout the country.

By this means, the Party's leader and his Central Executive could always be got rid of should they be acting contrary to the wishes of the rank and file of the party.

L. GRAHAM SCOTT.

Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road,
Kensington, S.W.7.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
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CORRESPONDENCE

God Save England!

DEAR MADAM,

I read your paper every week with great interest and pass it on. I think your letter "God Save England" in this week's number is just what the nation should know.

Too many people seem to know so little about the League of Nations (or rather League of Half the Nations) and signed the Peace Ballot thinking it was against "War."

Would you kindly let me know where I could get two dozen copies of "God Save England" and the cost and I would send on the money for them. I would like to distribute some amongst my friends.

(MRS.) L. M. PEACOCK.

Reethwood, McKinley Road,
Bournemouth, W., Hants.

SIR,—If you will kindly send me down as many as you can of your excellent pamphlet "God Save England," I will have them distributed here at Bognor.

It is time someone told the people of the present danger.

ALFRED HOWE.

Homestead, Cypress Way,
Barrack Lane,
Aldwick, Bognor.

Our Phoney Leader

SIR,—It must have been a great surprise and disgust to all real Conservatives to read in their papers the names of the new Cabinet Ministers, appointed by Mr. Baldwin.

With the inclusion of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his son to Cabinet rank, and the omission of Mr. Churchill, Sir Henry Page Croft, Lord Lloyd or any other real Conservatives, who have loyally worked and voted for the National Government, and in so doing sunk their differences with Mr. Baldwin in order to keep out the Socialists, it must appear to every Conservative a great injustice, and that Mr. Baldwin is not a Conservative, neither does he intend carrying out Conservative principles, but is doing all he can to destroy Conservatism.

I am only voicing the opinion of many Conservatives when I state that Mr. Baldwin has no right to call himself the Conservative Leader. All Conservatives ought clearly to indicate in no uncertain manner that they will not have him any longer as their Leader.

It is perfectly evident that it was only because they were afraid of the Socialists getting in that a great many Conservatives voted for the National Government. Mr. Baldwin has consistently let the Conservatives down and it is really time that the Conservative members should take some action.

We have to thank Lady Houston very much for all the articles she has written and the other writers in her paper, and I feel sure that every patriotic man and woman is deeply grateful to her for her generous donations to the country, also for her constant warnings.

I am afraid apathy is killing this country, and we are simply getting the Government we deserve. I also say with Lady Houston from the bottom of my heart "God help England."

SHIPLEY CHARLES WALNFR.

Late Commander R.M.S. "Malaya."

Hazel Court Hotel,
22, Courtfield Gardens, London, S.W.5.

So-Called Conservatism

SIR,—It seems as though the Conservatives are to be tricked again. It is proclaimed that the MacDonalds, father and son, are to be given seats in the new Cabinet.

It was understood that the late Government had to have an Election in order to procure a *mandate* from the proletariat to increase the Nation's armaments, on the pretence that *nothing could be done without a mandate*.

Now these two persons are rank Socialists, and the

mandate has gone forth that the proletariat do not require their services in this present Government, and yet in defiance of this mandate, and although they do not belong to the present Parliament, they are to be given two important posts.

And what experience of the world has this son had to promote him to such a position? Why, he has not learned enough as to how to manage those immediately around him, so how can he be expected to deal with the various persons scattered all over the world?

And the Conservatives, out of whom far more efficient persons could be found whose energies would benefit the Empire, seem to be taking this sitting down. Incredible!

E. MOREL.

Hollybank, Woking.

A Political Wangle

SIR,—There must be some misgiving, as Lady Houston so eloquently proves, that after their rejection by the constituencies which in 1931 elected them by very big majorities, Mr. Baldwin is now trying to wangle the two MacDonalds into the Cabinet. We expect something better from the Prime Minister.

The country does not even want them in Parliament, let alone as members of the Government. Yet Mr. Stanley Baldwin deliberately ignores the wishes of the nation.

Never mind his personal predilections, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald must leave the Cabinet. SURE.
London.

The highest interests
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are most truly served by constant efforts to extend the Kingdom of God.

The aim of the C.C.C.S. is to do this among our own people overseas. In Western Canada some of the prairie parsons are in charge of parishes covering an area of 8,000 square miles.

"What can the people do for themselves?" is often asked. Nothing, in a material way. Many are receiving Government relief, and those who are not are absolutely devoid of anything but the bare necessities of life. They are not able to give any financial assistance, and must depend upon outside help for their spiritual ministrations. These people are willing to give of their time and labour, as in the case of the erection of the Moose Lake Church.

—Vide "Greater Britain Messenger,"
November—December, 1935.

The C.C.C.S. makes grants to many dioceses, but, unfortunately, these grants are still inadequate to meet the greatness of the need.

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THEATRE NOTES

"Vicky"

IN "Vicky," at the Garrick Theatre, we have another translation by Bernard Merivale, from the Hungarian of L. Bus-Fekete.

Enid Stamp Taylor and Aileen Marson as the daughters of an impoverished general's widow, who keeps a tobacco shop, give their mother lots of worrying moments owing to their behaviour with the sterner sex. Count Conrad Ferrari, played by Jack Melford, whose father has the same Christian name as himself, falls for the charm of the younger daughter, and there is the usual confusion over the similarity of names.

Some amusing fooling naturally ensues, and it takes the anniversary of the ex-Emperor Franz Joseph's birthday to smooth out the tangled skein and restore the Mother's happiness. The adroit playing of Miss Marson and Mr. Melford, supported by Miss Barbara Everest and Miss Enid Stamp Taylor, helps to provide an amusing evening.

"Distinguished Gathering" St. Martin's Theatre (James Parish).

WHEN I saw the original production of this unusually good, albeit quite improbable, "thriller" at the Embassy Theatre, I hoped to have the opportunity of seeing it again in a West End theatre. My expectations have been realised and my pleasure renewed. There is a large and competent cast to handle a good story, and one's interest is held throughout the play which has an unexpected denouement.

Barbara Couper looked well as Judith Montague and gave a good strong performance in that part. Frank Vosper, too, was excellent as Felix Montague, while Ivan Samson, as Sir Brian Howett, acted with admirable restraint. Ronald Ward was convincing as Major "Runty" Pearson—pilot—and Mabel Terry Lewis added once again to her laurels.

"No Longer Mourn . . ." Gate Theatre (Sarah Gertrude Millin)

IHAVE no doubt that, had I read the novel from which this play was written, I should have realised very early the psychological studies which were intended to be developed before me. As it was, there seemed to be little of any meaning in this performance until ten minutes or so before the final curtain. The story concerns a farmer and his family in the Transvaal. The farmer takes his small son shooting and returns four days later—alone—saying his son is lost. His wife is expecting another child, but insists on joining the search party. The result of it all is that the wife becomes unbalanced, loathes her husband, and lives in the belief that each day her son will return.

Just at the end, however, we do see something of the mental torture that both parents are suffering. The father confesses that he accidentally shot

Garrick Theatre

his son, and there is a moving scene of reconciliation as the curtain falls.

There were excellent performances by Walter Hudd, Marda Vanne and Ellis Irving, but Miss Ffrangcon-Davies was not happily cast in the role of the mother.

"Our Own Lives"

Ambassadors Theatre

(Gertrude Jennings)

IT is disappointing to have to record the fact that Miss Gertrude Jennings' new play is not one of her best. All the usual ingredients are there—the middle-aged, estranged couple and the innocent daughter. Mother keeps an English hotel in Venice—preposterous though it may seem—and has an admirer round the corner. So has the innocent daughter. Father is too interested in his books to worry about Mother's entanglements and daughter falls into the arms of a conveniently handy and thoroughly clean-limbed young Englishman.

This sort of thing is all very well in its way, and may please the unsophisticated—if there are any left—but Miss Jennings can do, and has done, very much better. Irene Vanbrugh is too competent an artist to fail even when the material at her disposal is so shadowy. Balio Holloway does his best to make himself plausible and Lady Tree makes a brief and exhilarating appearance as Lady Tree. In short, the acting was better than the play.

C.S.

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ALEXANDRIA, Dumfriesshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec. 2. Pens. 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec. 4. Pens. 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY, Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec. 4. Pens. 4 gns. W.E., £2 7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

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BELFAST—Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens. 4 gns.; W.E. Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

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BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec. 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE, Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens. 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire.—Station Hotel Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens. 3 to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE, Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel. Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street. Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN.—Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 13/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL—Sea View, Bed., 9. Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5035.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall.—The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26 Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-. Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560 Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns. W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/-. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

RYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.S.S. approved.

LANGOLLEN—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANWRITYD WELLS, Central Wales.—Dol-y-Ceed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/-. W.E., 30/-. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON.—Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Frob. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL. 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

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THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6: Din., 3/6. Golf, 16/6. 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VIRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 16s. 6d. W.E., £1 17s. 6d. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leycester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4s gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-; Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8s 6d. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12s 6d. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Clas. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112 Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire.—Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-; Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day. 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view. Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-; Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTONHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays Hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13s 6d; W.E., £1 15s/-; Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-; Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel. Ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. Bed., 15. Pens. from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place. Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road Bed., 68; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat to Mon., 25/-; Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracondale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-; Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE, Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

THE ORANGE HOUSE PRIVATE Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 28/-; Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING.—Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-; Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

THE OSBORNE PRIVATE Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 24 to 44 gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

DILKUSA.—GRAND Hotel. Sea front. Cent., 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3/- to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUETH ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the Proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3/- to 44 gns.; W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardshielach Hotel, Acharcle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexington Gardens, Cromwell Road, W8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2/- to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom., 230 Guests; Room, bath, and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/-.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbrooke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2/- to 3/- gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlington Place, N.W.1. T. Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3/- gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-; G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3/- gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12s. 6d.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road. W.11. Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2/- gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2 gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T. Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Hotel, 1. Private Hotel, Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-; Golf, 2 miles. Putting, green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road. T. Jeamond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12s. 6d; W.E., £1 7s. 6d. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3/- gns.; W.E., £1 17s. 6d. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Rivière Hotel. Near sea; golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17s. 6d; W.E., Sat to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-; Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3/- gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 31 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden, Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3/- to 5/- gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-; Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 30/-; Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Albans Road, Babacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2/- to 3/- gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens. from 3 gns.; W.E., from 9/- day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf. Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Canada's New Government

The Man who Threw the Sanctions Bombshell

By G. Delap Stevenson

THE new Canadian Government has set the rest of the Empire—Britain's "National" Government included—a fine example in sanity of judgment.

Mr. Lapointe, Canada's acting Premier, has made it abundantly clear that Canada is not going to agree to any more of these Sanctions experiments so dear to the hearts of Samuel Hoare, Eden and Co.

"Canada's action," he has hastened to emphasise, "has been and will be limited to co-operation in purely financial and economic measures of a pacific character."

Mr. Lapointe is a French-Canadian. While the statement he has just made must have been approved beforehand by Mr. Mackenzie King, the actual head of the present Canadian Government, the fact that he has been the mouthpiece for such an important declaration is not without its significance.

It is evidence of that native caution which is characteristic of the French-Canadians and which makes them look askance at ambitious and dangerous ventures that, in their view, are no concern of Canada.

No Use for Abstractions

Great Imperialists French-Canadians have before now proved themselves to be—witness the case of Laurier and French-Canadian enthusiasm for the War; but they have no particular love for mere abstractions and, one can well imagine, they are more than a little apprehensive regarding the possibilities of trouble arising from the League's excessive and wholly unpractical idealism.

Mr. Lapointe's post in the Cabinet is that of Minister of Justice. Educated in Quebec, he took up law and became a K.C. in 1908. He was first elected to the Dominion Parliament in 1904, and has held Ministerial posts since 1921.

He has represented Canada at the League of Nations and in Australia, when Canberra was inaugurated, and has negotiated several commercial treaties with foreign countries.

Mr. Lapointe is not by any means the only French-Canadian in Mr. Mackenzie King's Cabinet. Another prominent French-Canadian is Mr. R. Dandurand, a distinguished lawyer, who is a Minister without Portfolio.

He, too, has had especial experience of Geneva discussions, having been President of the League

Assembly and a member of the Council.

A brief reference to other members of the present Canadian Cabinet may be of interest.

In the position of Minister of Finance there is Mr. C. A. Dunning, a business man of the orthodox school.

A former Liberal Minister, he had lately stood rather apart from party politics, but has now come in, almost as a technical expert might, to help the new Government.

Mr. Dunning was born in England and came to Canada as a child. Before the war he was already prominent in the Saskatchewan grain trade and was Director of Food Production for Canada in 1918.

He has been in the past Premier of Saskatchewan. The Prairie Provinces are predominantly agricultural and apt to be revolutionary in politics, but Mr. Dunning represents the business and orthodox section of their population.

Minister with German Ancestry

Another important member of the Cabinet is Mr. W. Euler, Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Though born in Canada he is of German origin and his home town is the German settlement on the shore of Lake Ontario, which was formerly known as Berlin, but changed its name to Kitchener during the war.

He is a Lutheran by religion. Mr. Euler was Minister of National Revenue in the last King Government and has the reputation of being a very able administrator. He was first elected to the Canadian House of Commons in 1917.

The difficulties of the farmers being one of the major questions this Government has to face, the Ministry of Agriculture is one of the key positions.

This has been given to Mr. J. G. Gardiner, who has thrown up the Premiership of Saskatchewan to enter the Cabinet.

Though for many years concerned with provincial politics, this is his first appearance in the Dominion House. He has been a farmer and might be considered as specially representing western agriculture.

The rest of the Cabinet is made up of three French-Canadians, two lawyers and a journalist, six English-speaking Canadians, one farmer, three lawyers, one business man and a political secretary, and one Scotchman.

This latter, Captain Ian Mackenzie, is a newcomer to Parliament. He is a fine Celtic scholar with a good war record and is now a lawyer in British Columbia. He is Minister of Defence.

Another new man is Mr. N. M. Rogers, a Rhodes scholar, formerly Mr. Mackenzie King's secretary, who is Minister of Labour.

The Father of Floodlighting

FLOODLIGHTING is no modern innovation.

The pioneer of it was King Asoka who ruled over an Indian Empire two thousand years ago. He had his temple at Budh Gaya, near Calcutta, floodlit with coconut oil lamps.

His example is to be followed.

A Ceylonese woman is preparing to floodlight the same temple with 84,000 coconut oil lamps. The oil and lamps are to be supplied by Ceylon itself.

The lady responsible, Mrs. Fernando, says her task was brought about by the reading of ancient scriptures concerning King Asoka.

"I am a humble devotee," she said, "and possibly cannot emulate the royal example. But I fervently hope I may be reborn again, and again completely follow in the footsteps of Asoka in this respect."

South Australia nears her 100th Birthday

From an Australian Correspondent

SOUTH AUSTRALIA, last of the States of the Commonwealth to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of her settlement, is busy preparing the round of functions, historical pageants and other attractions to visitors which will mark her centenary year—1936.

In London, the Agent-General and Trade Commissioner, Mr. C. F. G. McGann, heads a committee of banking, shipping and business men with close personal or official relations with the State.

Their task is to use the centenary celebrations as an additional inducement to tourists or business men in search of new fields for enterprise to see South Australia.

Already they have succeeded in obtaining from the shipping companies substantial reductions in return fares during the period of the celebrations.

These will apply for a sufficiently extended period to enable visitors to see not only South Australia, but a considerable proportion of the remainder of the Commonwealth.

While the official ceremonies will centre in or about Adelaide, the handsome capital city nestling beneath the Mount Lofty ranges, no parochial view of the occasion is being taken by the South Australian authorities as far as overseas visitors are concerned.

The other States are co-operating with South Australia to ensure the success of the centenary celebrations.

Adelaide forms a convenient point of disembarkation for the visitor from Europe who, by travelling to

Victoria and New South Wales by rail or road, can see much of Australia before he rejoins his steamer for the return voyage.

In one respect, the chronological order of settlement in the Commonwealth has been unfavourable to South Australia's hundredth birthday celebration.

It comes two years after that of Victoria, and two years before the senior State of New South Wales greets the 150th anniversary of her own and Australia's foundation.

It has, therefore, been impossible to arrange for a visit from a member of the Royal Family or for an air race from England to Australia—the two events which ensured the success of Victoria's centenary.

On a more modest scale, however, South Australia will make a display to show her wealth in wheat, wine and wool, her increasing industrial activity and the progress of her small population.

Like other parts of the Commonwealth, South Australia is awakening to the necessity for developing her tourist attractions. The normal volume of sporting fixtures will greatly be increased during the centenary year. These and other events will commence in the mild and sunny winter and reach their peak for the day South Australians celebrate—December 28, 1836, when the then Colony was proclaimed at Glenelg.

Already, as a mark of respect for the Germans who have been among South Australia's best settlers—they began the viticultural industry which has now become so important—several towns renamed during the War have had their original names restored.

In Quest of Birds

VISCOUNT CHAPLIN'S son is now voyaging to eastern islands off the beaten track in quest of stray and rare birds for the Zoological Gardens.

The Hon. Arthur Chaplin is a keen ornithologist and is accompanied by his wife, the only daughter of Lt-General Sir Tom Bridge, a former Governor of South Australia.

Mr. Chaplin, who is a nephew of Lord Londonderry, is making the voyage from Ceylon on Lord Moyne's yacht.

He has already made arrangements for the collection of specimens of birds from Ceylon's North Central Province, which will await his return. The Nicobar Islands and New Guinea will be his next ports of call.

A Bridge Opening Ceremony

Aeroplanes and War Dances

WORK is well in hand upon an aerodrome that is being made on the west bank of the Sabi River, close to the great Birchenough Bridge that is to be opened on December 20 in Southern Rhodesia.

This new aerodrome is primarily for the convenience of the many

visitors who are expected to attend the opening formalities.

A war dance by about 2,000 natives will follow the official ceremony.

The entire cost of the new bridge has been borne by the Beit Trustees as the executors of Rhodes' friend and financial adviser, Alfred Beit.

The bridge is named after Sir Henry Birchenough, Chairman of the Trustees. The late Mr. Alfred Beit left vast sums for the furtherance of education and transport in Rhodesia.

Southern Rhodesia's Record Exports

THE value of Southern Rhodesia's exports for the first six months of this year is the highest ever recorded. Amounting to £4,188,000, this figure compares favourably with that for the same period in 1934, which was £3,882,000.

Exports of gold alone totalled £1,692,000 in value, to which £1,000,000 is to be added for the premium.

So far as imports are concerned they amounted for the first six months of this year to £3,085,000, compared with £2,891,000 for the same period last year.

Sinking Fund Reduction

THREE years ago the Southern Rhodesian Government purchased the mineral rights, or royalties, in the Colony from the British South Africa Company for £2,000,000.

Up to the present a sum of £11,250 or ten shillings per cent. has been contributed annually to the amortisation of the loan raised for the purchase.

The Government has now, however, given notice of its intention to introduce a Bill at the next session of the Rhodesian Parliament that will increase the rate of repayment to £1 per cent., or £22,500 a year.

It was argued at the time the loan was floated that as posterity would benefit, posterity should pay. But, as the business has already proved so profitable and the finances of the country are so buoyant, it is intended to speed up payment of the sinking fund.

Pipe Collecting for Lepers

ONE of the queer tasks undertaken by the Toc H in Ceylon was the collection of pipes for lepers who are unable to smoke cigarettes. As a result of an appeal, two thousand were shipped from England.

The Toc H movement in the Island has been responsible for many public services. During the recent malaria epidemic it undertook to collect containers for medicines. Five thousand bottles were collected and distributed to dispensers throughout the Island.

Its latest task was the introduction of Charlie Chaplin to inmates of the leper asylum, through the medium of a miniature cinema projector.

A Surprise from Ceylon

CEYLON has surprised Australia. A trade delegation from the Commonwealth which is now touring the Island has been impressed by its industrial activity and has extended an invitation to Ceylon to send a reciprocal delegation to Australia.

It was stated on behalf of the Australian visitors that hitherto people in Australia thought that rubber and tea were all that Ceylon was interested in. The delegation saw how mistaken they were.

The extent of the coconut trade had compelled them to take an entirely new view of the Island's industrial capacity. They thought it would be wise and necessary for Ceylon to dispatch a delegation to Australia to put Ceylon's side of the case personally before the Commonwealth Government.

Mr. R. F. Sanderson, leader of the delegation, stressed that their Government had in the past four years, in common with other nations, adopted a system of personal contact. The British Commonwealth of Nations, with its high prestige among other nations, did much to foster that spirit of better understanding.

Making its own Matches

Southern Rhodesia is soon to produce its own matches. A company has obtained a site in Salisbury and hopes to commence manufacturing early in 1936.

Raw materials for the industry are to be procured from within the Empire. Experiments are being carried out with Canadian timber, but the Southern Rhodesian Forestry Department have been consulted as to samples of Rhodesia's timber, which might also be suitable.

The effect of this new industry on exports from the United Kingdom is practically nil, as most of the matches imported into Rhodesia have so far been manufactured in the Union of South Africa.

Another Challenge to Argentina

SOUTHERN RHODESIA is another part of the Empire which is challenging Argentina in the meat trade.

Plans for record exports of chilled, frozen and boned beef during the coming year are in preparation. It is estimated that they will account for 72,000 head of Rhodesian cattle.

It is the chilled variety that comes to this country, and during the last season this branch of the industry has been very successful. The frozen meat goes to continental markets.

The meat is sold in Britain solely on its merits, and the increasing success of the Rhodesian product is a testimony to the energy and skill of the cattlemen in that Colony.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Beginnings of British Columbia

By Professor A. P. Newton

IN an age when the fast through expresses of the Canadian Pacific Railway transport passengers without change of carriage from Montreal to the shores of the Pacific, it is hard to remember that at the time of Confederation in 1867, and for nearly twenty years after, the British settlements on that coast were separated from Canada by more than two thousand miles of almost impassable wilderness.

To get to those settlements it was necessary to take the long and stormy sea voyage round Cape Horn or to cross the Isthmus of Panama and sail for weeks up the coast of Mexico and the United States.

New Caledonia, as it was called at first, before it came to be known by its modern name of British Columbia, was first visited by Captain James Cook in the latter part of the eighteenth century, for Francis Drake, the first Englishman to touch upon the Pacific coast in his great voyage of circumnavigation of 1577-80, did not come so far north.

His exploration of the British Columbian coast was almost Cook's last work, for a little later he lost his life in the Sandwich Islands at "Owhyee," the modern Hawaii.

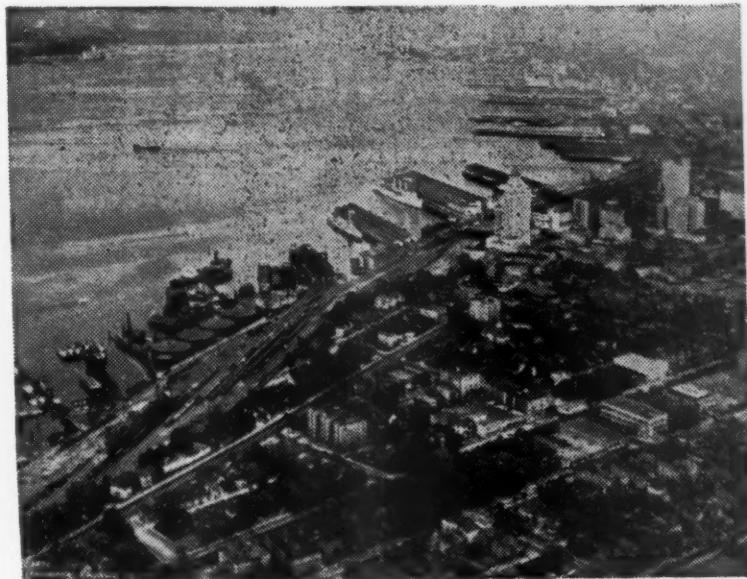
It was one of Cook's officers, Captain George Vancouver, who completed the exploration of the coast and showed how valuable it would be as a British settlement for the encouragement of trade with China.

The great city of Vancouver, that bears his name, is a fitting monument to his prescience, for it is one of the most important ports in the British Empire, and is the gateway through which the All-Red route passes out into the Pacific on its way to Australia and New Zealand or to Eastern Asia.

A few months after Captain Vancouver had been upon the coast, the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, under the leadership of Alexander Mackenzie, came down over the Rocky Mountains from their toilsome journey through the Arctic interior, and by their trade in furs with the Indians of the coast showed what a valuable new source of trade might be opened there.

About the same time two intrepid explorers from the United States, Lewis and Clark, also came across the continent to the coast after exploring much of the valley of the Columbia River.

At its mouth, John Jacob Astor founded a trading post, while two Canadians, David Thompson and Simon Fraser, traced the course of the Fraser River to the ocean and



Vancouver at the beginning of the 20th century showing the Pacific terminus of the C.P.R., centre of the British Columbia timber industry and most important shipping port on Pacific coast of Canada.

were the earliest visitors to the place where New Westminster now stands.

The results of these rival explorations were of permanent importance, for when in the '40's Britain and the United States, having set limits to the claims of the Russians coming from the north and the Spaniards from the south, were disputing for the possession of the Oregon country, the settlement that was agreed upon divided the region between them.

The first small British post in the region was at Nootka Sound on the western coast of Vancouver Island, and a dispute over its possession almost led to war between England and Spain.

Nothing was done at Nootka Sound, however, and the first effective settlement was at the Hudson's Bay Company's post established near the mouth of the Fraser after Mackenzie's journey.

The furs obtained there were very valuable, and especially the skins of the sea-otter which were obtained by trading for a few trinkets with the Indians of the coast and adjacent islands.

These skins would be sold for fabulous prices in China, and fortunes were made by those who first exported them thither.

But others who heard of those profits came in to dispute for a share of them. American shipmasters came round the Horn from New England, and for a few years, about the turn of the century, there was a lawless struggle between the men of the two English-speaking nations and the Russians which led to many exciting incidents and only died down when the ruthless pursuit of the sea-otter had almost exterminated it.

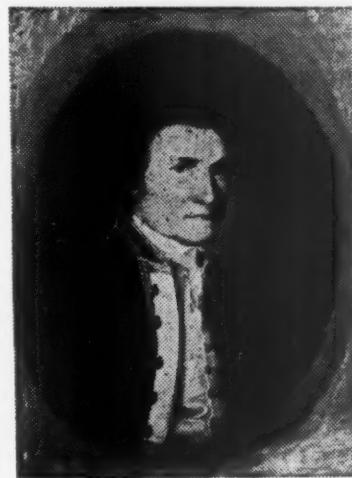
For half a century after its first settlement, British Columbia lived only by its fur trade and the Hudson's

Bay Company was supreme, but in 1858 the Crown purchased Vancouver Island from the Company and its government was joined to that of British Columbia on the mainland, which was fully organised at the same date.

The cause of this development was the extraordinary rush of gold-seekers who had flocked into the Province.

The great Cariboo rush of 1859 brought thousands more both by sea and across the mountains from Canada.

Thus, where there had been only a few fur traders, there sprang up an active and energetic population, and British Columbia was launched on the full tide of progress.



Captain James Cook, explorer and discoverer of New Zealand and New South Wales, and the greatest maritime explorer since the 16th century.

Still Cheaper Money

(By Our City Editor)

THE Government's latest effort in borrowing £100,000,000 on 1 per cent. Treasury Bonds, and a further £200,000,000 in 2½ per cent. Funding loan, means the renewal of "cheap money" to an excessive degree. Actually, some £238,000,000 of the money is required to make good repayments of Treasury 3 per cent. and 2 per cent. bonds, either accomplished or impending, and the balance will presumably go to reduce the Floating Debt and to strengthen the position so that the Treasury can finance rearmament, distressed area reconstruction, housing plans, etc., on the cheapest possible terms.

Such an objective is laudable, if belated, but one cannot help feeling once again that the enforcement of artificial monetary conditions on the London market will, in the long run, prove harmful. The present Treasury Bill rate is little over 11s. per cent., so that the funding of a portion of the outstanding floating Debt while interest rates are low is only to be expected. But to take advantage of conditions imposed by the absence of normal international trade to issue 1 per cent. five-year Treasury Bonds at 98 per cent. to a money market so starved that it has to accept this miserable financial morsel, seems mean in the extreme. If the money market machinery of London is missing when the international trade revival demands its presence, the Government will be largely to blame.

From the investor's point of view the £200,000,000 2½ per cent. 25-year Funding Loan issued at 96½ is far more important, for the flat yield on the latest Government Loan is thus £2 11s. 10d. per cent., while the return to redemption is under £2 14s. per cent. Meanwhile, the heavy expenditure on rearmament, which the country will now have to find in a lump sum, precludes any reduction in income-tax, so that the net basis of Trustee investment is down to 2 per cent. Truly the rentier is bearing the cost to the nation of a not too Conservative Socialism.

Crittall's Capital Scheme

The remarkable prosperity of the building and allied trades in this country is exemplified in the recovery made by the Crittall Manufacturing Company, whose results for the year just concluded were the best in the company's history, profits amounting to £262,197 against £177,095 in the previous year. The company is, in consequence, able to clean up its balance-sheet and prepare the way for a resumption of ordinary dividends, which it is hoped to do in the current year.

The necessary writing-down of assets, chiefly investments in subsidiary and associated companies, is to be achieved by reducing the nominal value of the ordinary shares from £1 to 5s., £80,000 being taken from reserve and £67,534 from profit and loss. Arrears of preference dividend amounting to £101,719 are to be paid from profit and loss, and it is proposed to make conversion offers in respect of the outstanding 6½ per cent. Notes and 6 per cent. debentures. Noteholders will be offered exchange into 5½ per cent. first preference shares, and 6 per cent. debenture holders will be offered a new 4½ per cent. stock. Cash offers are also to be made of the preference shares at 20s. 6d. per £1 share, and of the new debenture stock at 105 to a total of 750,000 shares and £850,000 of debenture stock in all.

The actual cash required for the preference arrears payment and additional working capital will come from the issue of debenture stock in excess of the amount required to repay the existing debentures. The profit and loss balance has, in fact, been ploughed back into the business. That Crittalls are now able to make public issues on such favourable terms is a tribute to the company's remarkable recovery from a difficult position, and on the basis of last year's earnings the ordinary shares quite justify their price of around 23s.

Tate and Lyle

Though trading profits of Tate and Lyle, Ltd., for the year to September 30 were slightly lower at £1,183,908, than in the previous year, an increase of £64,000 in the revenue derived from the company's investments in subsidiaries, etc., more than offsets the small decline in profits, and after the transfer of £310,000 to reserve the amount available is £954,793 against £890,868 in the previous year. The dividend is paid on a larger capital, owing to the bonus of 40 per cent. in shares distributed last year, and it amounts to just over 18½ per cent. against 22½ per cent. On the equivalent amount of capital to that on which last year's distribution was made, however, the payment would represent over 25½ per cent., so that shareholders have every reason to be satisfied with the rate. The shares at 84s. return about £4 7s. per cent. on the basis of the latest dividend.

Simonds Brewery Profits

H. & G. Simonds, the Reading and west and southwest country brewers are no exception to the prosperous run of brewery companies, for net profits at £162,444, increased by £24,832 compared with the previous year, and the 2 per cent. increase in the dividend to 18 per cent. for the year, is amply justified. The previous year's profit was augmented by a sum of £56,750 paid out of accumulated profits of subsidiary companies, and this non-recurring item should not be included in making comparisons of trading results. From the past year's profits a further £20,229 is added to property improvement reserve, and £26,000 to investment reserve.

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BROADCASTING

IMBECILE MAKE-BELIEVE

BY ALAN HOWLAND

A FEW days ago I was listening to a programme by the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra at 5.15 p.m. and was amazed to hear a gentleman, whom I imagined to be Mr. Henry Hall, inform the world that "Uncle Henry" and his band would now play such-and-such a tune, and that the vocal chorus would be sung by "Uncle Dan" or some such name. Not wishing to rely solely on the evidence of my own ears, I obtained confirmation from a fellow-listener that I had not been mistaken. There are many reasons why this practice should be discontinued, but there is only space to enumerate a few of the more obvious ones.

In the first place it is psychologically wrong. To a normal child the spectacle of two middle-aged gentlemen addressing each other as "uncle" is quite revolting. It is quite obvious that they cannot be each other's uncles and that they are in fact indulging in an imbecile game of make-believe. I can well remember the feeling of nausea which came over me when I witnessed this adult playfulness, and I know that children of to-day suffer the same agony. Children are not to be hoodwinked by indiscriminate "uncling" and they resent being treated as lunatics.

Jazz for Children?

Secondly, it is bad programme, since on the alternative wave-length there is a Children's Hour, which is specially designed to appeal to the younger generation. It is preposterous that at the apparently mysterious hour of 5.15 p.m. there should be two wave-lengths devoted to the entertainment of children. Even if it were desirable, Mr. Hall should know by now that a programme of music played by a dance band does not become a children's programme merely because the saxophones and the brass section call each other "uncle."

There is a third and equally powerful objection. Quite a number of intelligent and reasonable modern parents view with apprehension any scheme which has as its object the encouragement of a love for jazz in their children. There are more than sufficient opportunities for the young idea to hear this type of thing on the films, and through the medium of gramophone records, and the unnecessary multiplication of those facilities is, in the view of some people, including myself, a menace.

This new departure of Mr. Hall's is yet another example of the muddle-headed thinking which goes on at Portland Place. By all means let "Uncle Henry" wear his cap and bells when he is appealing to an adult audience—"Uncle Dan" too, for that matter—but let him leave the entertainment of children to those who have made a study of the subject. And if ever he "uncles" me there will be trouble.

MOTORING

THE REAL DEATH TRAPS

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

THE statistics of road deaths last week made most unpleasant reading. In spite of drastic legislation and the vast amount which has been spent on beacons and signs, they were in excess of the corresponding number last year. It must be admitted, of course, that there are more motors on the road; yet one cannot regard the situation with equanimity.

It would be very interesting to have access to the Ministry's statistics, so that one could see at what places and at what type of hazard the greatest number of accidents took place. I have not had that privilege, but from certain facts which I have collected myself, I am convinced that the system of erecting danger signs needs revision.

For instance, there seems a growing practice to mark spots which are obviously dangerous. One that comes to my mind is a very narrow hump-backed bridge on the main arterial road to Birmingham. It can be seen some distance away, and is so clearly a source of peril if drivers approach fast from opposite directions that no one in his senses would do such a thing; yet, though this bridge is a danger signal in itself, a warning sign has been erected.

Where Danger Lurks

On the other hand, there are many danger spots which look perfectly innocent and have caused disaster to many motorists who did not know the road, and which are not marked by any warning signs. There is a corner between Sherborne and Bishop's Caundle, in Dorsetshire, which appears to be a gentle curve, easy to negotiate. Actually, it is much sharper and the road is steeply banked the wrong way, with the result that many people coming from one direction who take it a little too fast and try to keep on their proper side of the road find themselves in the ditch, while cars coming from the opposite direction swing out into the middle of the road.

The A.A. sent their local man to make experiments there, and he told me he had found it impossible to negotiate the corner at more than twenty miles an hour. This was a long time ago; yet neither has the road been made safe nor has any warning sign been erected in spite of representations.

There is another deceptive corner between Chicklade and Wylie where I have seen more than one car overturned. Yet no warning sign has ever been erected!

I think the average driver to-day is more careful when there is an obvious likelihood of danger than he was a few years ago. At that time the number of accidents at such danger spots as the crossing of the Amesbury-Andover and Salisbury-Tidworth roads, by the Park House racing stables, was appalling. One could never understand why people took such risks at so obvious a death trap. Yet it was the A.A., a private organisation, which provided a man to control the traffic there, and official signs were not erected until later.

CINEMA

STRONG MEAT

BY MARK FORREST

THE management of the Curzon has succeeded in getting hold of a picture which should appeal to its particular audience for some time to come. *La Bandera*, which means the flag and also, so far as I can make out, a company under the flag, has been made by Mr. Duvivier, from the novel of Mr. Pierre Orlan. It is a fine, heroic piece of work.

A few years ago cinemagoers were thrilled with a picture called *Beau Geste*, which dealt with the French Foreign Legion, but was marred for a lot of people by a coating of sentimentality that smothered the reality. There is very little of this in *La Bandera*, which depicts the Spanish Foreign Legion and its eternal conflict with the Riffs. The finish of the two stories is, however, somewhat similar, for the fourth Bandera is surrounded in a lonely outpost and snipers and lack of water wipe out the unit, except for one man, before the relief can arrive. The survivor, however, is not the hero, but the villain whom the grim experience remoulds upon a different pattern.

Merit of Simplicity

The story has the great merit of simplicity. Pierre Gillieth murders a man in Paris, and to escape the police, flies to Barcelona, where he enlists in the Legion. The presence there of a police agent soon dispels his idea that he has left his crime behind him; this man follows him everywhere, trying to force a confession that will enable him to claim the reward, only at the terrible end to relinquish his quest and find it is too late.

The rough humour and the rougher realities of this hard life have been admirably captured both by the camera and the dialogue, and the action is never halted either by the one or the other. The personalities of the two leading actors, Jean Gabin and Robert Le Vigan, are admirably contrasted and their performances excellent. But perhaps the greatest surprise for those who think of film actresses along stereotyped lines will be the appearance of Annabella, as Aischa La Slaoui, the Moorish dancing girl with a past, who marries Pierre Gillieth, and seduces the police agent in order to discover whether he is actually after her husband or not.

A Useful Book

THE "DAILY MAIL YEAR BOOK" is one of those handy reference books, indispensable to every office. The issue for 1936 contains, in addition to several new features, a complete list of Members of the new House of Commons.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981.

AWARDED THE VOLPI CUP AT VENICE 1935 FOR THE WORLD'S BEST SCREEN PERFORMANCE

Paula Wessely

(of "Maskerade" fame) in

"EPISODE" (A)

LADY HOUSTON'S COLD CURE

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told :

" Well, what's the matter with you? " said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

" Only a cold, " said the patient, timidly.

" Only a cold, " said the great man ; " what more do you want—*the plague?* "

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia, and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is :—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

THE CURE

(This is not for lazy people !)

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant (such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos) dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done *immediately*, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, tablespoonsful of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a tablespoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This, of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every 2 hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also is the juice of a lemon if put into the hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

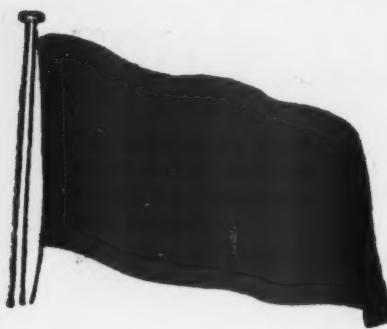
If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, which is *most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

The Drugs to buy :—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.



Ramsay MacDonald's Appeal

During the War when our dear ones were fighting and dying for us.

This reproduction of a letter shows why Ramsay MacDonald was so anxious to renew diplomatic and trade relations with Russia. DID HE OR DID HE NOT guarantee that if the Russians did not pay for the millions of pounds worth of British goods ordered by Russia, the British tax-payer would be responsible?

Great Labour, Socialist and Democratic Convention to hail the Russian Revolution and to Organise the British Democracy To follow Russia

MAY 23rd, 1917.

To Trades Councils, Trade Unions, Local Labour Parties, Socialist Parties, Women's Organisations and Democratic Bodies.

DEAR COMRADES,

The Conference to which we recently invited you is already assured of a great success.

IT WILL BE ONE OF THE GREATEST DEMOCRATIC GATHERINGS EVER HELD IN THIS COUNTRY. IT WILL BE HISTORIC. IT WILL BEGIN A NEW ERA OF DEMOCRATIC POWER IN GREAT BRITAIN. IT WILL BEGIN TO DO FOR THIS COUNTRY WHAT THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION HAS ACCOMPLISHED IN RUSSIA.

There is little time for preparation. Action must be taken immediately by every Branch and Society desiring to be represented. It seems not unlikely, owing to the rush of applications for delegates' tickets, that the Committee may be unable to give facilities for those who delay till the last moment.

The Conference will be held in the ALBERT HALL, LEEDS, on SUNDAY, JUNE 3rd, commencing at 10.30 a.m.

We now send you the Resolutions which are to be discussed. Owing to the shortness of time for the preparation for the Conference the proceedings will not be subject to the rigid rules which usually govern Labour and Socialist Congresses. It will be a Democratic Conference to establish Democracy in Great Britain.

RUSSIA HAS CALLED TO US TO FOLLOW HER. YOU MUST NOT REFUSE TO ANSWER THAT APPEAL.

Send in your application for Delegates' Cards at once. You are entitled to send one delegate, however small your membership may be, but an additional delegate for each 5,000 of your membership above the first 5,000 or part of 5,000.

Applications, accompanied by a fee of 2s. 6d. for each delegate, must be sent to one of the Secretaries as under:

ALBERT INKPIN, Chandos Hall, 21a, Maiden Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2.

FRANCIS JOHNSON, St. Bride's House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4.

In the confident hope that your Society will join in this great event.

On behalf of the United Socialist Council,

We remain,

Yours fraternally,

H. ALEXANDER
CHAS. G. AMMON
W. C. ANDERSON
C. DESPARD
E. C. FAIRCHILD
J. FINEBERG
F. W. JOWETT

GEO. LANSBURY
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